Orberry's Edition.

THE

RICH JEW OF MALTA,

A TRAGEDY;

BY

Christopher Marlow.

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR;
EXPLANATORY NOTES, &c.

BY W. OXBERRY,
Comedian.

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REGIA
MONACENSIS.

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Biographical Sketch.

Few memorials of Marlow's life have come down to us, and those few are so confused and uncertain; that the most unwearied industry cannot flatter itself with success in the enquiry. Of his family we know absolutely nothing; their very names are forgotten. A painful and melancholy confession of the vanity of human fame,—the phantom which is followed by the good, the great, and the wise—followed at the expense of every happiness, as far as happiness belongs to earth. All the genius of Marlow,—a genius that is inferior only to Shakspeare, and may fairly vie with that of Sophocles; has not had the power to save the records of his life from oblivion.

He was born about the year 1562, and was entered of Benet's College, Cambridge; in 1583, he took the degree of A. B. and that of M. A. in 1587.

The bigotry of his time accused Marlow of atheism—an accusation which we have no ground, at present, either to confront or confirm; yet it seems most improbable, that a man of such exalted genius could have fallen into so gross an error. The very acuteness which leads us into a love of enquiry, may betray us into sophistical ideas of religion; it may induce us to deny any particular form of worship, but atheism is scarcely compatible with genius. The Hindoo and the Mahomedan may each be as sincere as the Christian; but in what point of view are we to look upon the atheist? The fact seems to be, that Marlow was a man devoted to pleasure, which offered an excellent pretext to a bigoted clergy to defame the bold and original

genius which sported, in writing, with the most holy and most unholy, the most secret and the most revealed mysteries of the Christian dispensation.

The death of MARLOW, as his life, is wrapt in the most profound uncertainty. One account states that he fell by the hand of Ben Jonson, a gross calumny aimed at the character of that unhappy and ill-fated writer? Another, following the same idea, but employing a different instrument relates his death in the manner following. "Being deeply in love with a certain woman, he had for his rival a bawdy serving-man, one rather fit to be a pimp, than an ingenious amoretto, as MARLOW conceived himself to be. Whereupon MARLOW, taking it to be a high affront, rushed in upon, to stab him with his dagger; but the serving-man, being very quick, so avoided the stroke, that withal catching hold of MARLOW's wrist he stabbed his own dagger into his own head, in such sort, that notwithstanding all the means of surgery that could be wrought, he shortly after died of his wound before the year 1593."

His Dramatic Works are as follow:

1. *The Tragedie of Dido, queene of Carthage. Played by the children of her Majesties chappel. Written by Christopher Marlowe and Thomas Nash, gent.* 1594, 4to.

2. *The troublesome Raigne and lamentable Death of Edwarde the Second, &c.*

3. *Tamberlaine the Greate. Who, from the state of a Shepherd in Scythia, by his rare and wonderful Conquests, became a most puissant and mightie Monarque,* 1605, 4to. 1st *Part, B.L.*

4. *Tamberlaine the Greate. With his impassionate furie, for the death of his Lady and Love, faire Zenocrate: his forme of exhortation and discipline to his three sonnes, and the manner of his owne death. The second Part,* 4to. 1606, 4to. *B.L.*

5. *The Massacre of Paris, with the death of the Duke of Guise. A Tragedy play'd by the Right Honourable the Lord Admiral's Servants.* 8vo. *N.D.*

6. *The famous Tragedie of the rich Jew of Malta.*

7. *The Tragicall Historie of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus, with new additions,* 1631, 4to. *B.L.* 1663, 4to. *B.L.*

8. *Lust's Dominion; or, the Lascivious Queen. A Tragedie,* 12mo. 1661.

Besides these, he was the author of

1. *Hero and Leander, translated from Musæus, with the first book of Lucan,* 4to. 1600. *This translation, or at least Marlow's part of it, must have been published before* 1599, *being mentioned by several writers earlier than that year. It was entered at Stationer's Hall, in* 1593, *and* 1597; *and Henry Petowe's* * *Second Part of it appeared in*

* The following extravagant eulogium may be found in his poems;—

" Marlow admir'd, whose honey flowing vaine,
No English writer can as yet attaine.
Whose name in Fame's immortall treasurie,
Truth shall record to endless memorie.
Marlo late mortall, now fram'd all divine,
What soule more happy, than that soule of thine?
Live still in heaven thy soule, thy fame on earth
(Thou dead) of Marlo's hero findes a dearth."

Again,

" What mortall soule with Marlow might contend,
That could against reason force him stoope or bend?
Whose silver charming toung mov'd such delight,
That men would shun their sleepe in still dark night,
To meditate upon his goulden lynes,
His rare conceyts and sweete according rimes,
But Marlo still admired Marlo's gon,
To live with beautie in Elyzium,
Immortal beautie who desires to heare,
His sacred poesies sweete in every eare:
Marlow must frame to Orpheus melodie,
Himnes all divine to make heaven harmonie,
There ever live the prince of poetrie,
Live with the living in eternitie."

1598. *Marlow's part was left unfinished, and was completed by Chapman. Although the first book of Lucan is mentioned in the title-page, not a line of that author is to be found with Marlow's Work.*

2. *Certaine of Ovid's Elegies; by C. Marlow.* 12*mo. at Middleburgh, no date. Afterwards published, with additions, under the title of All Ovid's Elegies, Three Books; by C. M. at Middleburgh, no date.*

Mr. Steevens says, (first volume of Shakespeare, p. 94) *that, in the forty-first of Queen Elizabeth, these translations from Ovid were commanded, by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, to be burnt at Stationer's Hall.*

He was also the author of that beautiful sonnet, quoted in The Merry Wives of Windsor, *A.* 3. *S.* 1. *called* The Passionate Shepherd to his Love; *to which Sir Walter Raleigh wrote a Reply. Both these pieces are printed in Dr. Percy's* Reliques of Ancient Poetry, *Vol.* 1 *p.* 218.

THE PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT COURT.

Gracious and great, that we so boldly dare,
('Mongst other plays that now in fashion are)
To present this, writ many years agone,
And in that age thought second unto none;
We humbly crave your pardon: we pursue
The story of a rich and famous Jew,
Who lived in Malta: you shall find him still,
In all his projects a sound Machiavel;
And that's his character: he that hath past
So many censures, is now come at last
To have your princely ears; grace you him then,
You crown the action, and renown the pen.

THE PROLOGUE

TO THE STAGE AT THE COCKPIT.

We know not how our play may pass this stage,
But by the best of poets * in that age,
The Malta Jew had being, and was made;
And he, then by the best of actors † played.
In Hero and Leander, one did gain
A lasting memory; in Tamerlane,
This Jew, with others many; th' other won
The attribute of peerless, being a man
Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)
Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue.
So could he speak, so vary; nor is't hate
To merit, in him ‡ who doth personate
Our Jew this day, nor is it his ambition
To exceed, or equal, being of condition
More modest; this is all that he intends,
(And that too at the urgence of some friends)
To prove his best, and, if none here gainsay it,
The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.

---

* Marlow.

† Alleyne, the original representative of the Jew of Malta.

‡ Richard Perkins, one of the actors at the Cock-pit or Phœnix, in Drury-lane.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MACHIAVEL, *the Prologue.*
BARABAS, *the Jew.*
FERNESE, *Governor of Malta.*
CALYMATH, *Son to the Grand Seignior.*
DON LODOWICK, *the Governor's Son.*
DON MATHIAS.
ITHAMORE, *a Turkish Slave.*
DEL BOSCO, *the Spanish Admiral.*
JACOMO, } *Friars.*
BARNARDINO, }
PHILIA BORZA.
Two Merchants.
Three Jews.
Knights.
Bashaws.
Officers.
Reader.

ABIGAIL, *Daughter to Barabas.*
Two Nuns.
Abbess.
BELLAMIRA, *a Courtezan.*

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THE JEW OF MALTA.

ACT I.

Enter MACHIAVEL.

Mach. Albeit the world think Machiavel is dead,
Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps,
And, now the Guize* is dead, is come from France
To view this land, and frolic with his friends.
To some perhaps my name is odious;
But such as love me, guard me from their tongues,
And let them know that I am Machiavel,
And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
Admired I am of those that hate me most;
Though some speak openly against my books,
Yet will they read me, and thereby attain
To Peter's chair; and when they cast me off,
Are poisoned by my climbing followers.
I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.
Birds of the air will tell of murders past;
I am ashamed to hear such fooleries.
Many will talk of title to a crown:
What right had Cæsar to the empery?
Might first made kings, and laws were then most sure,
When, like the Draco's,† they were writ in blood.
Hence comes it, that a strong-built citadel

The Guise.—The Duke of Guise.

† *Draco's.*—*Draco*, a severe law-giver of Athens; whose statues were written with blood.

Commands much more than letters can import;
Which maxim had but Phalaris observed,
He had never bellowed in a brazen bull.
Of great ones envy; o'the poor petty wights,
Let me be envied and not pitied!
But whither am I bound? I come not, I,
To read a lecture here in Britain,
But to present the tragedy of a Jew,
Who smiles to see how full his bags are crammed;
Which money was not got without my means.
I crave but this—grace him as he deserves,
And let him not be entertained the worse
Because he favours me. [*Exit.*

Enter BARABAS *in his Counting-house, with heaps of gold before him.*

Bar. So that of thus much that return was made,
And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summed and satisfied.
As for those Samintes, and the men of Uzz,
That bought my Spanish oils, and wines of Greece,
Here have I purst their paltry silverbings.*
Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom, that never fingered groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coin;
But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd full,
And all his life-time hath been tired,
Wearing his fingers ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loath to labour so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould;

* *Silverbings.*—Perhaps silverlings; a diminutive, to express the Jew's contempt of a metal inferior in value to gold.

The wealthy Moor, that in the Eastern rocks
Without controul can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones;
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topas, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld seen* costly stones of so great price,
As one of them, indifferently rated,
And of a carrect† of this quantity,
May serve, in peril of calamity,
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade;
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?‡
Ha! to the east? yes; see how stand the vanes?
East and by south; why, then I hope my ships
I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks;
Mine Argosie from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.
But who comes here? how now?

Enter a Merchant.

Mer. Barabas, thy ships are safe
Riding in Malta Road; and all the merchants
With other merchandize are safe arrived,

* *Seld seen.*—Rarely beheld.

† *A carrect.*—A carat.

‡ *Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?*—It was anciently believed that this bird, (the King-Fisher,) if hung up, would vary with the wind, and by that means show from what quarter it blew.

And have sent me to know whether yourself
Will come and custom them.*

Bar. The ships are safe thou sayest, and richly fraught?

Mer. They are.

Bar. Why then go bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bills of entry:
I hope our credit in the custom-house
Will serve as well as I were present there.
Go send them threescore camels, thirty mules,
And twenty waggons to bring up the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine;
And is thy credit not enough for that?

Mer. The very custom barely comes to more
Than many merchants of the town are worth;
And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

Bar. Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man;
Tush, who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?

Mer. I go.

Bar. So then, there's somewhat come.
Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of?

Mer. Of the Speranza, sir.

Bar. And saw'st thou not mine Argosie at Alexandria?
Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Cairo,
But at the entry there into the sea,
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

Mer. I neither saw them, nor enquired of them;
But this we heard some of our seamen say,
They wondered how you durst, with so much wealth,
Trust such a crazy vessel, and so far.

Bar. Tush, they are wise; I know her and her strength;
Bye, go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
And bid my factor bring his loading in;

[*Exit Merchant.*

And yet I wonder at this Argosie.

* *Custom them.*—Enter the goods they contain at the Custom-house.

Enter a 2d Merchant.

2 *Mer.* Thine Argosie from Alexandria,
Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta Road,
Laden with riches and exceeding store
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

Bar. How chance you came not with those other ships,
That sailed by Egypt?

2 *Mer.* Sir, we saw 'em not.

Bar. Belike they coasted round by Candy shore,
About their oils, or other businesses;
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

2 *Mer.* Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,
That never left us till within a league,
That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.

Bar. O, they were going up to Sicily; well go
And bid the merchants and my men dispatch
And come ashore, and see the freight discharged.

2 *Mer.* I go. [*Exit.*

Bar. Thus trouls our fortune in by land and sea,
And thus are we on every side enriched;
These are the blessings promised to the Jews,
And herein was old Abraham's happiness.
What more may heaven do for earthly men,
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the sea their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honoured now but for his wealth?
Rather had I, a Jew, be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty;
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride;
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Happily some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.

They say we are a scattered nation;
I cannot tell, but we have scambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
I, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings;
That's not our fault: alas! our number's few,
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urged by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule, make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality.
I have no charge, nor many children,
But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigene;
And all I have is her's.—But who comes here?

Enter three Jews.

1 *Jew.* Tush, tell not me 'twas done of policy.
2 *Jew.* Come therefore let us go to Barabas;
For he can counsel best in these affairs:
And here he comes.
Bar. Why, how now, countrymen?
Why flock you thus to me in multitudes?
What accident's betided to the Jews?
1 *Jew.* A fleet of warlike galleys, Barabas,
Are come from Turkey, and lie in our road;
And they this day sit in the council-house
To entertain them and their embassy.
Bar. Why, let them come, so they come not to war;
Or let them war, so we be conquerors:
Nay, let them combat, conquer, and kill all,—
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.
(Aside.)
1 *Jew.* Were it for conformation of a league,
They would not come in warlike manner thus.

2 *Jew*. I fear their coming will afflict us all.
Bar. Fond men, what dream you of their multitudes?
What need they treat of peace, that are in league?
The Turks, and those of Malta, are in league.
Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.
1 *Jew*. Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war.
Bar. Happily for neither, but to pass along
Towards Venice by the Adriatic sea,
With whom they have attempted many times,
But never could effect their stratagem.
3 *Jew*. And very wisely said; it may be so.
2 *Jew*. But there's a meeting in the senate-house,
And all the Jews in Malta must be there.
Bar. Hum! all the Jews in Malta must be there?
Aye, like enough; why then let every man
Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake.—
If any thing shall there concern our state,
Assure yourselves I'll look unto myself.
1 *Jew*. I know you will; well, brethren, let us go.
2 *Jew*. Let's take our leaves;—farewell, good Barabas.
Bar. Do so:—farewell, Zaareth;—farewell, Temainte. [*Exeunt Jews.*
And, Barabas, now search this secret out;
Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:
These silly men mistake the matter clean.
Long to the Turk did Malta contribute;
Which tribute, all in policy, I fear,
The Turks have let increase to such a sum,
As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay;
And now by that advantage thinks, belike,
To seize upon the town: aye, that he seeks.
Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure of one,
And seek in time to intercept the worst,
Warily guarding that which I have got.
Ego mihimet sum semper proximus.
Why, let them enter, let them take the town. [*Exit.*

Enter Governors of Malta, Knights, met by Bashaws of the Turk, and CALYMATH.

Gov. Now, Bashaws, what demand you at our hands?

Bash. Know, Knights of Malta, that we came from Rhodes,
From Cyprus, Candy, and those other isles
That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas—

Gov. What's Cyprus, Candy, and those other isles,
To us or Malta? What at our hands demand ye?

Caly. The ten years tribute that remains unpaid.

Gov. Alas, my lord, the sum is over-great;
I hope your highness will consider us.

Caly. I wish, grave governors, 'twere in my power
To favour you; but 'tis my father's cause,
Wherein I may not, nay I dare not dally.

Gov. Then give us leave, great Selim Calymath.

Caly. Stand all aside, and let the knights determine:
And send to keep our galleys under sail,
For happily we shall not tarry here.
Now governors how are you resolved?

Gov. Thus: since your hard conditions are such
That you will needs have ten years' tribute past,
We may have time to make collection
Amongst the inhabitants of Malta for't.

Bash. That's more than is in our commission.

Caly. What, Callypine, a little courtesy?
Let's know their time, perhaps it is not long;
And 'tis more kingly to obtain by peace,
Than to enforce conditions by constraint.
What respite ask you, governors?

Gov. But a month.

Caly. We grant a month; but see you keep your promise.
Now launch our galleys back again to sea,
Where we'll attend the respite you have ta'en;
And for the money send our messenger.

Farewell, great governors, and brave knights of Malta.
[*Exeunt.*

Gov. And all good fortune wait on Calymath.
Go one, and call those Jews of Malta hither:
Were they not summoned to appear to-day?

Off. They were, my lord and here they come.

Enter BARABAS *and three Jews.*

1 *Knight.* Have you determined what to say to them?

Gov. Yes, give me leave; and, Hebrews, now come near.
From the emperor of Turkey is arrived
Great Selim Calymath, his highness' son,
To levy of us ten years' tribute past:
Now then, here know that it concerneth us.

Bar. Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet still,
Your lordship shall do well to let them have it.

Gov. Soft, Barabas, there's more 'longs to't than so.
To what these ten years' tribute will amount,
That we have cast, but cannot compass it
By reason of the wars that robb'd our store:
And therefore are we to request your aid.

Bar. Alas, my lord, we are no soldiers:
And what's our aid against so great a Prince?

1 *Knight.* Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldier;
Thou art a merchant and a monied man,
And 'tis thy money, Barabas, we seek.

Bar. How, my lord! my money?

Gov. Thine and the rest;
For, to be short, amongst you't must be had.

Bar. Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor!

Gov. Then let the rich increase your portions.

Bar. Are strangers with your tribute to be taxed?

2 *Knight.* Have strangers leave with us to get their wealth?
Then let them with us contribute.

Bar. How, equally?

Gov. No, Jew, like infidels:
For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,

Who stand accursed in the sight of Heaven,
These taxes and afflictions are befallen:
And therefore thus we are determined;
Read there the articles of our decrees.

Read. First, the tribute money of the Turks shall all be
Levied amongst the Jews, and each of them to pay one
Half of his estate.

Bar. How! half his estate? I hope you mean not mine.

Gov. Read on.

Read. Secondly, he that denies to pay, shall straight become
A Christian.

Bar. How! a Christian? Hum, what's here to do?

Read. Lastly, he that denies this, shall absolutely lose all he has.

All three Jews. Oh, my lord, we will give half.

Bar. Oh earth-metall'd villains, and no Hebrews born!
And will you basely thus submit yourselves
To leave your goods to their arbitrement?

Gov. Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christened?

Bar. No, Governor, I will be no convertite.

Gov. Then pay thy half.

Bar. Why know you what you did by this device?
Half of my substance is a city's wealth.
Governor, it was not got so easily;
Nor will I part so slightly therewithal.

Gov. Sir, half is the penalty of our decree,
Either pay that, or we will seize on all.

Bar. *Corpo di deo;* stay, you shall have half,
Let me be used but as my brethren are.

Gov. No, Jew, thou hast denied the articles,
And now it cannot be recalled.

Bar. Will you then steal my goods?
Is theft the ground of your religion?

Gov. No, Jew, we take particularly thine,
To save the ruin of a multitude:
And better one want for a common good,
Than many perish for a private man:

Yet, Barabas, we will not banish thee,
But here in Malta, where thou got'st thy wealth,
Live still; and, if thou canst, get more.

Bar. Christians, what, or how can I multiply?
Of nought is nothing made.

1 *Knight.* From nought at first thou cam'st to little wealth,
From little unto more, from more to most:
If your first curse fall heavy on thy head,
And make thee poor, and scorned of all the world,
'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sin.

Bar. What? bring you scripture to confirm your wrongs?
Preach me not out of my possessions.
Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are:
But say the tribe that I descended of
Were all in general cast away for sin,
Shall I be tried by their transgression?
The man that dealeth righteously shall live:
And which of you can charge me otherwise?

Gov. Out, wretched Barabas, shamest thou not thus
To justify thyself, as if we knew not
Thy profession? If thou rely upon thy righteousness,
Be patient, and thy riches will increase.
Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness:
And covetousness, oh 'tis a monstrous sin.

Bar. Aye, but theft is worse: tush, take not from me, then,
For that is theft; and if you rob me thus,
I must be forced to steal and compass more.

1 *Knight.* Grave governors, list not to his exclaims:
Convert his mansion to a nunnery.

Enter Officers.

His house will harbour many holy nuns.

Gov. It shall be so. Now, officers, have you done?

Offi. Aye, my lord, we have seized upon the goods
And wares of Barabas, which, being valued,

Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta;
And of the other we have seized half:
Then we'll take order for the residue.

Bar. Well then, my lord, say are you satisfied?
You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoyed;
And, having all, you can request no more,
Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life.

Gov. No, Barabas, to stain our hands with blood
Is far from us and our profession.

Bar. Why I esteem the injury far less,
To take the lives of miserable men,
Than be the causers of their misery.
You have my wealth, the labour of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope;
And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong.

Gov. Content thee, Barabas, thou hast nought but right.

Bar. Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong;
But take it to you, i'the devil's name.

Gov. Come, let us in, and gather of these goods
The money for this tribute of the Turk.

1 *Knight.* 'Tis necessary that be look'd unto;
For if we break our day, we break the league,
And that will prove but simple policy. [*Exeunt.*

Bar. Aye, policy, that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest.
The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred,
Inflict upon them, thou *Primus Motor!*
And here, upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pains,
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.

1 *Jew.* Oh yet be patient, gentle Barabas.

Bar. Oh, silly brethren, born to see this day,
Why stand you thus unmoved with my laments?

Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
Why pine not I and die in this distress?
1 *Jew*. Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook
The cruel handling of ourselves in this;
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.
Bar. Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one,
And of me only have they taken all.
1 *Jew*. Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job.
Bar. What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus; he had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She-asses; but for every one of these,
Had they been valued at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine Argosie
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,
And yet have kept enough to live upon;
So that not he, but I, may curse the day,
Thy fatal birth day, forlorn Barabas!
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes;
For only I have toiled to inherit here
The months of vanity and loss of time,
And painful nights have been appointed me.
2 *Jew*. Good Barabas, be patient.
Bar. Aye, I pray leave me in my patience.
You that were ne'er possest of wealth, are pleased
with want;
But give him liberty at least to mourn,
That in a field amidst his enemies,
Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarmed,
And knows no means of his recovery;
Aye, let me sorrow for this sudden chance,
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speak;
Great injuries are not so soon forgot.

1 *Jew*. Come, let us leave him in his ireful mood,
Our words will but increase his extacy.*
2 *Jew*. On then; but trust me, 'tis a misery
To see a man in such affliction.
Farewell, Barabas. [*Exeunt*.
Bar. Aye, fare you well.—
See the simplicity of these base slaves,
Who, for the villains have no wit themselves,
Think me to be a senseless lump of clay,
That will with every water wash to dirt!
No, Barabas is born to better chance,
And framed of finer mould than common men,
That measure nought but by the present time.
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
And cast with cunning for the time to come;
For evils are apt to happen every day.—
But whither wends my beauteous Abigail?

Enter ABIGAIL.

Oh, what has made my lovely daughter sad?
What, woman, moan not for a little loss;
Thy father has enough in store for thee.
Abig. Not for myself, but aged Barabas;
Father, for thee lamenteth Abigail.
But I will learn to leave these fruitless tears;
And, urged thereto with my afflictions,
With fierce exclaims run to the senate-house,
And in the senate reprehend them all,
And rend their hearts with tearing of my hair,
Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.
Bar. No, Abigail, things past recovery
Are hardly cured with exclamations.
Be silent, daughter, sufferance breeds ease,
And time may yield us an occassion,
Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.
Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond,
As negligently to forego so much

* *Extacy*.—Anciently used to signify some alienation of mind.

Without provision for thyself and me.
Ten thousand portagues, besides great pearls,
Rich costly jewels, and stones infinite,
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
I closely hid.

Abig. Where, father?

Bar. In my house, my girl.

Abig. Then shall they ne'er be seen of Barabas;
For they have seized upon thy house and wares.

Bar. But they will give me leave once more, I trow,
To go into my house.

Abig. That may they not;
For there I left the governor placing nuns,
Displacing me; and of thy house they mean
To make a nunnery, where none but their own sect*
Must enter in; men generally barred.

Bar. My gold, my gold, and all my wealth, is gone!
You partial heavens, have I deserved this plague?
What will you thus oppose me, luckless stars,
To make me desperate in my poverty?
And, knowing me impatient in distress,
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,
And leave no memory that e'er I was?
No, I will live; nor loath I this my life:
And, since you leave me in the ocean thus
To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I'll rouse my senses, and awake myself.
Daughter, I have it: thou perceiv'st the plight
Wherein these Christians have oppressed me;
Be ruled by me, for, in extremity,
We ought to make bar of no policy.

Abig. Father, whate'er it be, to injure them
That have so manifestly wronged us,
What will not Abigail attempt?

Bar. Why, so; then thus, thou told'st me they have
turned my house
Into a nunnery, and some nuns are there?

* *Sect.*—*Sect* and *sex* were, by our ancient dramatic writers, used synonymously for each other.

Abig. I did.
Bar. Then, Abigail, there must my girl
Intreat the abbess to be entertained.
Abig. How, as a nun?
Bar. Aye, daughter; for religion
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion.
Abig. Aye, but, father, they will suspect me there.
Bar. Let 'em suspect; but be thou so precise
As they may think it done of holiness.
Intreat 'em fair, and give them friendly speech,
And seem to them as if thy sins were great,
Till thou hast gotten to be entertained.
Abig. Thus, father, shall I much dissemble.
Bar. Tush; as good dissemble that thou never mean'st,
As first mean truth and then dissemble it:
A counterfeit profession is better
Than unseen hypocrisy.
Abig. Well, father, say I be entertained,
What then shall follow?
Bar. This shall follow, then:
There have I hid, close underneath the plank
That runs along the upper-chamber floor,
The gold and jewels which I kept for thee.—
But here they come; be cunning, Abigail.
Abig. Then, father, go with me.
Bar. No, Abigail, in this
It is not necessary I be seen;
For I will seem offended with thee for't.
Be close, my girl, for this must fetch my gold.

Enter three Friars and two Nuns.

1 *Friar*. Sisters, we now are almost at the new-made nunnery.
1 *Nun*. The better; for we love not to be seen:
'Tis thirty winters long, since some of us
Did stray so far amongst the multitude.
1 *Friar*. But, madam, this house,

And waters of this new-made nunnery,
Will much delight you.

1 *Nun.* It may be so; but who comes here?

Abig. Grave abbess, and you happy virgins, guide,
Pity the state of a distressed maid!

Abbess. What art thou, daughter?

Abig. The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,
The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas,
Sometime the owner of a goodly house,
Which they have now turned to a nunnery.

Abbess. Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with us?

Abig. Fearing the afflictions which my father feels,
Proceed from sin, or want of faith in us,
I'd pass away my life in penitence,
And be a novice in your nunnery,
To make atonement for my labouring soul.

1 *Friar.* No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the spirit.

2 *Friar.* Aye, and of a moving spirit too, brother; but come,
Let us entreat she may be entertained.

Abbess. Well, daughter, we admit you for a nun.

Abig. First let me, as a novice, learn to frame
My solitary life to your strait laws;
And let me lodge where I was wont to lie:
I do not doubt, by your divine precepts
And mine own industry, but to profit much.

Bar. As much, I hope, as all I hid is worth. (*Aside.*)

Abbess. Come, daughter, follow us.

Bar. Why, how now, Abigail, what makest thou
Amongst these hateful Christians?

1 *Friar.* Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
For she has mortified herself.

Bar. How? mortified!

1 *Friar.* And is admitted to the sisterhood.

Bar. Child of perdition, and thy father's shame!
What will thou do among these hateful fiends?
I charge thee, on my blessing, that thou leave
These devils, and their damned heresy.

Abig. Father, give me—
Bar. Nay back, Abigail,
And think upon the jewels and the gold,
(Whispers to her.)
The board is thus marked that covers it.—
Away, accursed, from thy father's sight!
1 *Friar.* Barabas, although thou art in misbelief,
And wilt not see thine own afflictions,
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.
Bar. Blind friar, I wreck not thy persuasions—
The board is marked thus († that covers it.)—
For I had rather die than see her thus.
Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,
Seduced daughter?—Go, forget not.— (*Aside to her.*)
Becomes it Jews to be so credulous?—
To-morrow early I'll be at the door.— (*Aside to her.*)
No, come not at me; if thou wilt be damned,
Forget me, see me not, and so be gone.—
Farewell, remember to-morrow morning.— (*Aside.*)
Out, out, thou wretch! [*Exeunt.*

Enter MATHIAS.

Mat. Who's this? fair Abigail, the rich Jew's daughter,
Become a nun? Her father's sudden fall
Has humbled her, and brought her down to this:
Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love,
Than to be tired out with orisons;
And better would she far become a bed,
Embraced in a friendly lover's arms,
Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

Enter LODOWICK.

Lod. Why how now, Don Mathias, in a dump?
Mat. Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have seen
The strangest sight, in my opinion,
That ever I beheld.

Lod. What was't, I pr'ythee?
Mat. A fair young maid, scarce fourteen years of age;
The sweetest flower in Citherea's field,
Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,
And strangely metamorphosed nun.
Lod. But say, what was she?
Mat. Why, the rich Jew's daughter.
Lod. What, Barabas, whose goods were lately seized?
Is she so fair?
Mat. And matchless beautiful;
As, had you seen her, 'twould have moved your heart,
Though countermined with walls of brass, to love,
Or at the least to pity.
Lod. And if she be so fair as you report,
'Twere time well spent to go and visit her:
How say you, shall we?
Mat. I must and will, sir, there's no remedy.
Lod. And so will I too, or it shall go hard.
Farewell, Mathias.
Mat. Farewell, Lodowick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter BARABAS, *with a light.*

Bar. Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak;
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;
Vexed and tormented runs poor Barabas,
With fatal curses, towards these Christians.
The uncertain pleasures of swift-footed time
Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance; like a soldier's scar,

That has no further comfort for his maim.
Oh thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the hand
Of Abigail this night, or let the day
Turn to eternal darkness after this!
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distempered thoughts,
Till I have answer of my Abigail.

Enter ABIGAIL *above.*

Abig. Now have I happily espied a time
To search the plank my father did appoint;
And here, behold, (unseen) where I have found
The gold, the pearls, and jewels which he hid.

Bar. Now I remember those old women's words,
Who, in my wealth, would tell me winter's tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night,
About the place where treasure hath been hid;
And now methinks that I am one of those:
For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And when I die, here shall my spirit walk.

Abig. Now that my father's fortune were so good,
As but to be about this happy place!
'Tis not so happy; yet when we parted last,
He said he would attend me in the morn.
Then, gentle sleep, where'er his body rests,
Give charge to Morpheus, that he may dream
A golden dream, and of the sudden walk,
Come and receive the treasure I have found.

Bar. Birn para todos, my ga nada no er:
As good go on, as sit so sadly thus;
But stay, what star shines yonder in the east?
The loadstar of my life, if Abigail.
Who's there?

Abig. Who's that?

Bar: Peace, Abigail, 'tis I.

Abig. Then, father, here receive thy happiness.
(Throws down bags.)

Bar. Hast thou't?
Abig. Here, hast thou't?
There's more, and more, and more.
Bar. Oh, my girl!
My gold, my fortune, my felicity;
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy;
Welcome, the first beginner of my bliss:
Oh Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too,
Then my desires were fully satisfied!
But I will praetise thy enlargement thence:
Oh girl, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my bliss!
(*Hugs his bags.*)
Abig. Father, it draweth towards midnight now,
And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake;
To shun suspicion, therefore let us part.
Bar. Farewell, my joy; and by my fingers take
A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.
Now, Phœbus, ope the eye-lids of the day,
And for the raven, wake the morning lark,
That I may hover with her in the air,
Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young.
Hermoso Piarer de les Denirch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, MARTIN DEL BOSCO, *and Knights.*

Gov. Now, captain, tell us whither thou art bound?
Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road?
And why thou cam'st ashore without our leave?
Del Bos. Governor of Malta, hither am I bound;
My ship, the Flying Dragon, is of Spain,
And so am I; Del Bosco is my name,
Vice-admiral unto the Catholic king.
1 *Knight.* 'Tis true, my lord, therefore intreat him well.
Del Bos. Our freight is Grecians, Turks, and Afric Moors:
For late upon the coast of Corsica,
Because we vailed* not to the Turkish fleet,

* *We vailed not.*—We did not strike our flags.

Their creeping gallies had us in the chase;
But suddenly the wind began to rise,
And then we left, and took, and fought at ease:
Some have we fired, and many have we sunk;
But one amongst the rest became our prize:
The captain's slain, the rest remain our slaves,
Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.

Gov. Martin del Bosco, I have heard of thee;
Welcome to Malta, and to all of us:
But to admit a sale of these thy Turks,
We may not; nay, we dare not give consent,
By reason of a tributary league.

1 *Knight.* Del Bosco, as thou lov'st and honour'st us,
Persuade our governor against the Turk:
This truce we have is but in hope of gold,
And with that sum he craves might we wage war.

Del Bos. Will knights of Malta be in league with Turks?
And buy it basely too for sums of gold?
My lord, remember, that, to Europe's shame,
The Christian isle of Rhodes, from whence you came,
Was lately lost, and you were stated here
To be at deadly enmity with Turks.

Gov. Captain, we know it; but our force is small.

Del Bos. What is the sum that Calymath requires?

Gov. A hundred thousand crowns.

Del Bos. My lord and king hath title to this isle,
And he means quickly to expel them hence:
Therefore be ruled by me, and keep the gold;
I'll write unto his majesty for aid,
And not depart until I see you free.

Gov. On this condition shall thy Turks be sold:
Go, officers, and set them straight in show.
Bosco, thou shall be Malta's general;
We and our warlike knights will follow thee
Against these barbarous misbelieving Turks.

Del Bos. So shall you imitate those you succeed;
For, when their hideous force environed Rhodes,
Small though the number was that kept the town,

They fought it out, and not a man survived
To bring the hapless news to Christendom.
Gov. So will we fight it out. Come, let's away:
Proud, daring Calymath, instead of gold,
We'll send thee bullets wrapt in smoke and fire:
Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolved;
Honour is bought with blood, and not with gold.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Officers with Slaves.

1 *Off.* This is the market-place, here let 'em stand;
Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.
2 *Off.* Every one's price is written on his back;
And so much must they yield, or not be sold.
1 *Off.* Here comes the Jew; had not his goods been seized,
He'd give us present money for them all.

Enter BARABAS.

Bar. In spite of these swine-eating Christians,
(Unchosen nation, never circumcised;
Such poor villains as were ne'er thought upon,
Till Titus and Vespasian conquered us,)
Am I become as wealthy as I was.
They hoped my daughter would have been a nun;
But she's at home, and I have bought a house
As great and fair as is the governor's;
And there, in spite of Malta, will I dwell,
Having Ferneze's hand; whose heart I'll have,
Aye, and his son's too, or it shall go hard.
I am not of the tribe of Levi, I,
That can so soon forget an injury.
We Jews can fawn like spaniels, when we please;
And when we grin we bite, yet are our looks
As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.
I learned in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
And duck as low as any bare-foot friar;

Hoping to see them starve upon a stall,
Or else be gathered for in our synagogue;
That when the offering-bason comes to me,
Even for charity, I may spit into't.
Here comes Don Lodowick, the governor's son,
One that I love for his good father's sake.

Enter LODOWICK.

Lod. I hear the wealthy Jew walked this way;
I'll seek him out, and so insinuate,
That I may have a sight of Abigail;
For Don Mathias tells me she is fair.

Bar. Now will I shew myself to have more of the serpent
Than the dove; that is, more knave than fool.

Lod. Yond' walks the Jew; now for fair Abigail.

Bar. Aye, aye, no doubt but she's at your command.

Lod. Barabas, thou know'st I am the governor's son.

Bar. I would you were his father too, sir, that's all the harm
I wish you. The slave looks like a hog's cheek new singed.

Lod. Whither walk'st thou, Barabas?

Bar. No further; 'tis a custom held with us,
That when we speak with Gentiles, like to you,
We turn into the air to purge ourselves:
For unto us the promise doth belong.

Lod. Well, Barabas, canst help me to a diamond?

Bar. Oh, sir, your father had my diamonds,
Yet I have one left that will serve your turn;
I mean my daughter:—but ere he shall have her
I'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood.
I ha' the poison of the city for him, and the
White leprosy. (*Aside.*)

Lod. What sparkle does it give without a foil?

Bar. The diamond that I talk of ne'er was foiled;—
But when he touches it, it will be foiled:—
Lord Lodowick, it sparkles bright and fair.

Lod. Is it square or pointed? pray let me know.

Bar. Pointed it is, good sir,—but not for you.
(*Aside.*)

Lod. I like it much the better.
Bar. So do I too.
Lod. How shews it by night?
Bar. Outshines Cynthia's rays:—
You'll like it better far a-nights than days. (*Aside.*)
Lod. And what's the price?
Bar. Your life, and if you have it. Oh, my lord,
We will not jar about the price; come to my house,
And I will giv't your honour with a vengeance. (*Aside.*)
Lod. No, Barabas, I will deserve it first.
Bar. Good sir, your father has deserved it at my hands,
Who, of mere charity and Christian ruth,
To bring me to religious purity,
And as it were in catechising sort,
To make me mindful of my mortal sins,
Against my will, and whether I would or no,
Seized all I had, and thrust me out a-doors,
And made my house a place for nuns most chaste.
Lod. No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.
Bar. Aye, but my lord, the harvest is far off:
And yet I know the prayers of those nuns
And holy friars, having money for their pains,
Are wondrous;—and indeed do no man good. (*Aside.*)
And seeing they are not idle, but still doing,
'Tis likely they in time may reap some fruit;
I mean in fulness of perfection.
Lod. Good Barabas, glance not at our holy nuns.
Bar. No, but I do it through a burning zeal,—
Hoping ere long to set the house a-fire;
For though they do awhile increase and multiply,
I'll have a saying to that nunnery. (*Aside.*)
As for that diamond, sir, I told you of,
Come home, and there's no price shall make us part,
Even for your honourable father's sake—
It shall go hard but I will see your death. (*Aside.*)
But now I must be gone to buy a slave.
Lod. And, Barabas, I'll bear thee company.

Bar. Come then, here's the market-place. What's the price
Of this slave? two hundred crowns? do the Turks weigh so much?

Off. Sir, that's his price.

Bar. What, can he steal, that you demand so much?
Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
And if he has, he is worth three hundred plates,*
So that, being bought, the town-seal might be got,
To keep him for his life-time from the gallows.
The sessions-day is critical to thieves,
And few or none 'scape but by being purged.

Lod. Ratest thou this Moor but at two hundred plates?

1 *Off.* No more, my lord.

Bar. Why should this Turk be dearer than that Moor?

Off. Because he is young, and has more qualities.

Bar. What, hast the philosopher's stone? an' thou hast,
Break my head with it, I'll forgive thee.

Slave. No, sir, I can cut and shave.

Bar. Let me see, sirrah; are you not an old shaver?

Slave. Alas, sir, I am a very youth.

Bar. A youth? I'll buy you, and marry you to lady Vanity, †
If you do well.

Slave. I will serve you, sir.

Bar. Some wicked trick or other. It may be, under colour
Of shaving, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods.
Tell me, hast thou thy health well?

Slave. Aye, passing well.

Bar. So much the worse; I must have one that's sickly:

* *Plates.*—Pieces of silver money.

† *Lady Vanity.*—A vice or puppet of that name, which is mentioned in Ben Jonson's plays.

"Get you a cittern, *Lady Vanity*."

An't be but for sparing victuals: 'tis not a stone of
beef a-day
Will maintain you in these chops; let me see one
That's somewhat leaner.

1 *Off.* Here's a leaner, how like you him?

Bar. Where wast thou born?

Itha. In Thrace; brought up in Arabia.

Bar. So much the better; thou art for my turn.
An hundred crowns, I'll have him; there's the coin.

1 *Off.* Then mark him, sir, and take him hence.

Bar. Aye, mark him, you were best, for this is he
That, by my help, shall do much villainy.
My lord, farewell: come, sirrah, you are mine.
As for the diamond, it shall be your's;
I pray, sir, be no stranger at my house,
All that I have shall be at your command.

Enter MATHIAS *and his Mother.*

Mat. What makes the Jew and Lodowick so private?
I fear me 'tis about fair Abigail.

Bar. Yonder comes Don Mathias, let us stay:
He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear;
But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes,
And be revenged upon the governor.

Moth. This Moor is comeliest, is he not? speak, son.

Mat. No, this is the better, mother, view this well.

Bar. Seem not to know me here before your mother,
Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:
When you have brought her home, come to my house;
Think of me as thy father. Son, farewell.

Mat. But wherefore talked Don Lodowick with you?

Bar. Tush, man, we talked of diamonds, not of Abi-
gail.

Moth. Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Jew?

Bar. As for the comment on the Maccabees,
I have it, sir, and 'tis at your command.

Mat. Yes, madam, and my talk with him was
About the borrowing of a book or two.

Moth. Converse not with him, he is cast off from
Heaven.
Thou hast thy crowns, fellow; come, let's away.
Mat. Sirrah, Jew, remember the books. [*Exeunt.*
Bar. Marry will I, sir.
Off. Come, I have made a reasonable market: let's
away. [*Exit.*
Bar. Now let me know thy name, and therewithal
Thy birth, condition, and profession.
Itha. Faith, sir, my birth is but mean; my name's
Ithamore;
My profession what you please.
Bar. Hast thou no trade? then listen to my words;
And I will teach thee that shall stick by thee.
First, be thou void of these affections,—
Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear;
Be moved at nothing, see thou pity none,
But to thyself smile when the Christians moan.
Itha. Oh brave master, I worship your nose for this.*
Bar. As for myself, I walk abroad a-nights,
And kill sick people groaning under walls:
Sometimes I go about and poison wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my crowns,
That I may, walking in my gallery,
See 'em go pinioned along by my door.
Being young, I studied physic, and began
To practise first upon the Italian;
There I enriched the priests with burials,
And always kept the sexton's arms in ure, †

* *O brave master, I worship your nose for this.*—We have here an allusion to the manner in which the Jew used to be dressed on the stage. From the following passage in Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, p. 12, we find he was always equipped with a huge nose, "but as ill a head in forme (and worse in condition) than ever held a spout of lead in his mouth at the corner of a church: an old moth-eaten cap buttoned under his chinne: his visage, (or vizard,) like the *artificial Jewe of Maltae's nose;* the wormes fearing his bodie would have gone along with his soule, came to take, and indeed had taken possession, where they peept out still at certaine loope holes, to see who came neare their habitation."

† *In ure.*—Habit, practice.

With digging graves, and ringing dead men's knells:
And after that was I an engineer,
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
Then after that I was an usurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
I filled the jails with bankrupts in a year;
And with young orphans planted hospitals;
And every moon made some or other mad;
And now and then one hang himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll,
How I with interest tormented him.
But mark how I am blest for plaguing them;
I have as much coin as will buy the town.
But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?

Itha. Faith, master, in setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
One time I was an hostler in an inn,
And in the night-time secretly would I steal
To travellers' chambers, and there cut their throats:
Once, at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneeled,
I strewed powder on the marble stones,
And therewithal their knees would rankle so,
That I have laughed a good * to see the cripples
Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.

Bar. Why this is something: make account of me
As of thy fellow; we are villains both;
Both circumcised; we hate Christians both.
Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.—
But stand aside, here comes Don Lodowick.

Enter LODOWICK.

Lod. O, Barabas, well met; where is the diamond
You told me of?

* *Laughed a good.*—Laughed in good earnest.

Bar. I have it for you, sir; please you walk in with me.—
What ho, Abigail; open the door, I say.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. In good time, father; here are letters come
From Ormus, and the post stays here within.
Bar. Give me the letters; daughter, do you hear,
Entertain Lodowick, the governor's son,
With all the courtesy you can afford,
Provided that you keep your maidenhead,
Use him as if he were a Philistine;
Dissemble, swear, protest, vow to love him,
He is not of the seed of Abraham.—
I am a little busy, sir, pray pardon me:—
Abigail, bid him welcome, for my sake.
Abig. For your sake and his own, he's welcome hither.
Bar. Daughter, a word more; kiss him, speak him fair,
And, like a cunning Jew, so cast about,
That ye be both made sure ere you come out.
Abig. Oh, father, Don Mathias is my love.
Bar. I know it; yet, I say, make love to him;
Do—it is requisite it should be so.
Nay, on my life it is my factor's hand!
But go you in, I'll think upon the account:
[*Exeunt Lod. and Abig.*
The account is made, for Lodowick dies.
My factor sends me word a merchant's fled,
That owes me for a hundred tun of wine:
I weigh it thus much; I have wealth enough,
For now by this has he kissed Abigail;
And she vows love to him and he to her.
As sure as Heaven rained manna for the Jews,
So sure shall he and Don Mathias die:
His father was my chiefest enemy.—
Whither goes Don Mathias? stay awhile.

Enter MATHIAS.

Mat. Whither, but to my fair love, Abigail.
Bar. Thou know'st, and Heaven can witness it is true,
That I intend my daughter shall be thine.
Mat. Aye, Barabas, or else thou wrong'st me much.
Bar. O Heaven forbid I should have such a thought:
Pardon me, though I weep; the governor's son
Will, whether I will or no, have Abigail:
He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.
Mat. Does she receive them?
Bar. She! No, Mathias, no, but sends them back:
And when he comes, she locks herself up fast;
Yet through the key-hole will he talk to her,
While she runs to the window, looking out
When you should come and hale him from the door.
Mat. Oh treacherous Lodowick!
Bar. Even now, as I came home, he slipt me in,
And I am sure he is with Abigail.
Mat. I'll rouse him thence.
Bar. Not for all Malta, therefore sheathe your sword;—
If you love me, no quarrels in my house;
But steal you in, and seem to see him not:
I'll give him such a warning ere he goes,
As he shall have small hopes of Abigail.—
Away, for here they come.

Enter LODOWICK *and* ABIGAIL.

Mat. What, hand in hand! I cannot suffer this.
Bar. Mathias, as thou lovest me, not a word.
Mat. Well, let it pass, another time shall serve.
[*Exit.*
Lod. Barabas, is not that the widow's son?
Bar. No, no, but happily he stands in fear
Of that which you, I think, ne'er dream upon—

My daughter here, a paltry, silly girl.
Lod. Why loves she Don Mathias?
Bar. Doth she not, with her smiling, answer you?
Abig. He has my heart,—I smile against my will.
Lod. Barabas, thou knowest I have loved thy daughter long.
Bar. And so has she done you, even from a child.
Lod. And now I can no longer hold my mind.
Bar. Nor I the affection that I bear to you.
Lod. This is thy diamond; tell me, shall I have it?
Bar. Win it, and wear it—it is yet unsoiled.
Oh but I know your lordship would disdain
To marry with the daughter of a Jew!
And yet I'll give her many a golden cross,
With Christian posies round about the ring.
Lod. 'Tis not thy wealth, but her, that I esteem:
Yet crave I thy consent.
Bar. And mine you have; yet let me talk to her.—
This offspring of Cain, this Jebusite,
That never tasted of the passover,
Nor e'er shall see the land of Canaan,
Nor our Messias that is yet to come;
This gentle maggot, Lodowick I mean,
Must be deluded: let him have thy hand,
But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes. (*Aside.*)
Abig. What, shall I be betrothed to Lodowick?
Bar. It is no sin to deceive a Christian;
For they themselves hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with heretics;
But all are heretics that are not Jews;
This follows well, and therefore, daughter, fear not.—
I have intreated her, and she will grant.
Lod. Then, gentle Abigail, plight thy faith to me!
Abig. I cannot chuse, seeing my father bids:
Nothing but death shall part my love and me!
Lod. Now have I that for which my soul has longed.
Bar. So have not I, but yet I hope I shall. (*Aside.*)
Abig. Oh wretched Abigail, what hast thou done?
Lod. Why on the sudden is your colour changed?
Abig. I know not; but farewell, I must be gone.

Bar. Stay her, but let her not speak one word more.
Lod. Mute o' the sudden; here's a sudden change!
Bar. O muse not at it, 'tis the Hebrew's guise,
That maidens new-betrothed should weep awhile.
Trouble her not; sweet Lodowick, depart:
She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir.
Lod. O, is't the custom? then I am resolved:
But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim,
And nature's beauty choke with stifling clouds,
Than my fair Abigail should frown on me.—
There comes the villain; now I'll be revenged.

Enter MATHIAS.

Bar. Be quiet, Lodowick, it is enough
That I have made thee sure to Abigail.
Lod. Well, let him go. [*Exit.*
Bar. Well, but for me, as you went in at doors
You had been stabb'd; but not a word on't now:
Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn.
Mat. Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him.
Bar. No; so shall I, if any hurt be done,
Be made an accessary of your deeds:
Revenge it on him when you meet him next.
Mat. For this I'll have his heart.
Bar. Do so; lo, here I give thee Abigail.
Mat. What greater gift can poor Mathias have?
Shall Lodowick rob me of so fair a love?
My life is not so dear as Abigail!
Bar. My heart misgives me that, to cross your love,
He's with your mother; therefore, after him.
Mat. What, is he gone unto my mother?
Bar. Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.
Mat. I cannot stay; for if my mother come,
She'll die with grief. [*Exit.*
Abig. I cannot take my leave of him for tears.
Father, why have you thus incensed them both?
Bar. What's that to thee?
Abig. I'll make them friends again.

Bar. You'll make them friends! Are there not Jews enough
In Malta, but thou must doat upon a Christian?
Abig. I will have Don Mathias—he is my love.
Bar. Yes, you shall have him.—Go, put her in.
[*Exit* ABIGAIL.
Itha. Aye, I'll put her in.
Bar. Now tell me, Ithamore, how likest thou this?
Itha. Faith, master, I think by this
You purchase both their lives: is it not so?
Bar. True, and it shall be cunningly performed.
Itha. Oh, master, that I might have a hand in this!
Bar. Aye, so thou shalt; 'tis thou must do the deed:—
Take this, and bear it to Mathias straight,
And tell him that it comes from Lodowick.
Itha. 'Tis poisoned; is it not?
Bar. No, no; and yet it might be done that way;
It is a challenge feigned from Lodowick.
Itha. Fear not; I'll so set his heart a-fire, that he
Shall verily think it comes from him.
Bar. I cannot choose but like thy readiness:
Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.
Itha. As I behave myself in this employ me hereafter.
Bar. Away then. [*Exit.*
So, now will I go in to Lodowick,
And, like a cunning spirit, feign some lye,
Till I have set them both at enmity. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Since this town was besieged, my gain grows cold:—
The time has been, that, but for one bare night,

A hundred ducats have been freely given;
But now against my will I must be chaste;
And yet I know my beauty doth not fail.
From Venice, merchants; and from Padua
Were wont to come rare-witted gentlemen,
Scholars I mean, learned and liberal;
And now, save Philia Borzo, comes there none,
And he is very seldom from my house;
And here he comes.

Enter PHILIA BORZO.

Phil. Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to spend.
Cour. 'Tis silver, I disdain it.
Phil. Aye, but the Jew has gold,
And I will have it, or it shall go hard.
Cour. Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?
Phil. Faith, walking the back lanes, through the gardens,
I chanced to cast mine eye up to the Jew's counting-house,
Where I saw some bags of money, and in the night I
Clambered up with my hooks; and as I was taking
My choice, I heard a rumbling in the house, so I took
Only this, and run my way; but here's the Jew's man.

Enter ITHAMORE.

Cour. Hide the bag.
Phil. Look not towards him, let's away:
Zoons, what a looking thou keep'st,
Thou'lt betray us anon.
Itha. Oh, the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I know she is
A courtezan by her attire: now would I give a hundred
Of the Jew's crowns that I had such a concubine.
Well, I have delivered the challenge in such sort,
As meet they will, and fighting die; brave sport!
[*Exit.*

Enter MATHIAS.

Mat. This is the place; now Abigail shall see,
Whether Mathias holds her dear or no.

Enter LODOWICK, *reading.*

Lod. What, dares the villain write in such base terms?
Mat. I did it, and revenge it if thou dar'st. (*Fight.*)

Enter BARABAS, *above.*

Bar. Oh, bravely fought, and yet they thrust not home.
Now Lodowick, now Mathias, so;
So, now they have show'd themselves to be tall fellows.*
(*They fall.*)

Within. Part them, part them.
Bar. Aye, part them now they are dead; farewell, farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter Governor and Mother.

Gov. What sight is this? my Lodowick slain!
These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.
Moth. Who is this? my son Mathias slain!
Gov. Oh Lodowick! hadst thou perished by the Turk,
Wretched Ferneze might have 'venged thy death.
Moth. Thy son slew mine, and I'll revenge his death.
Gov. Look, Katherine, look, thy son gave mine these wounds.
Moth. Oh leave to grieve me, I am grieved enough!
Gov. Oh that my sighs could turn to lively breath,
And these my tears to blood, that he might live.
Moth. Who made them enemies?

* *Tall Fellows.*—Brave fellows.

Gov. I know not, and that grieves me most of all.
Moth. My son loved thine.
Gov. And so did Lodowick him.
Moth. Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,
And it shall murder me.
Gov. Nay, madam, stay, that weapon was my son's,
And on that rather should Ferneze die.
Moth. Hold, let's enquire the causers of their deaths,
That we may 'venge their blood upon their heads.
Gov. Then take them up, and let them be interred
Within one sacred monument of stone;
Upon which altar I will offer up
My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,
And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens,
Till they the causers of our smarts,
Which forced their hands divide united hearts.
Come, Katherine, our losses equal are;
Then of true grief let us take equal share. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ITHAMORE.

Itha. Why, was there ever seen such villany, so neatly
Plotted, and so well performed? both held in hand, and
Flatly both beguiled.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. Why, how now, Ithamore, why laugh'st thou so?
Itha. Oh, mistress, ha, ha, ha!
Abig. Why, what ail'st thou?
Itha. Oh my master!
Abig. Ha!
Itha. Oh, mistress! I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtile,

Bottle-nosed knave to my master, that ever gentleman had.

Abig. Say, knave, why rail'st upon my father thus?

Itha. Oh, my master has the bravest policy.

Abig. Wherein?

Itha. Why, know you not?

Abig. Why, no.

Itha. Know you not of Mathias' and Don Lodowick's disaster?

Abig. No, what was it?

Itha. Why, the devil invented a challenge, my master writ it,
And I carried it, first to Lodowick, and imprimis to Mathias;
And then they met, as the story says,
In doleful wise they ended both their days.

Abig. And was my father furtherer o. their deaths?

Itha. Am I Ithamore?

Abig. Yes.

Itha. So sure did your father write, and I carry the challenge.

Abig. Well, Ithamore, let me request thee this;
Go to the new-made nunnery, and enquire
For any of the friars of St. Jaques,
And say, I pray them come and speak with me.

Itha. I pray, mistress, will you answer me one question?

Abig. Well, sirrah, what is't?

Itha. A very feeling one:—have not the nuns fine sport
With the friars now and then?

Abig. Go to, sirrah sauce, is this your question? get you gone.

Itha. I will, forsooth, mistress. [*Exit.*

Abig. Hard-hearted father, unkind Barabas;
Was this the pursuit of thy policy?
To make me show them favour severally,
That by my favour they should both be slain!
Admit thou lovest not Lodowick for his sin,
Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee;

But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,
Because the prior dispossest thee once,
And could not 'venge it, but upon his son;
Nor on his son, but by Mathias' means;
Nor on Mathias, but by murdering me:
But I perceive there is no love on earth,
Pity in Jews, nor piety in Turks.—
But here comes cursed Ithamore with the friar.

Enter ITHAMORE *and Friar.*

Friar. Virgo, salve.
Itha. When duck you?
Abig. Welcome, grave friar.—Ithamore, begone.—
[*Exit.*
Know, holy sir, I am bold to solicit thee.
Friar. Wherein?
Abig. To get me be admitted for a nun.
Friar. Why, Abigail, it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admission,
And then thou didst not like that holy life.
Abig. Then were my thoughts so frail and unconfirmed,
And I was chained to follies of the world;
But now experience, purchased with grief,
Has made me see the difference of things.
My sinful soul, alas! hath paced too long
The fatal labyrinth of misbelief,
Far from the Son, that gives eternal life.
Friar. Who taught thee this?
Abig. The abbess of the house,
Whose zealous admonition I embrace.
Oh therefore, Jacomo, let me be one,
Although unworthy, of that sisterhood.
Friar. Abigail, I will; but see thou change no more,
For that will be most heavy to thy soul.
Abig. That was my father's fault.
Friar. Thy father's! how?
Abig. Nay, you shall pardon me.—Oh, Barabas,

Though thou deservest hardly at my hands,
Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life.
Friar. Come, shall we go?
Abig. My duty waits on you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BARABAS, *reading a letter.*

Bar. What, Abigail become a nun again?
False and unkind; what, hast thou lost thy father?
And all unknown, and unconstrained of me,
Art thou again got to the nunnery!
Now here she writes, and wills me to repent.
Repentance! Spurca: what portendeth this?
I fear she knows—'tis so—of my device
In Don Mathias' and Lodowick's deaths:
If so, 'tis time that it be seen into;
For she that varies from me in belief,
Gives great presumption that she loves me not;
Or, loving doth dislike of something done.—

Enter ITHAMORE.

But who comes here? Oh, Ithamore, come near;
Come near, my love, come near; thy master's life,
My trusty servant, nay, my second life;
For I have now no hope but even in thee;
And on that hope my happiness is built.
When saw'st thou Abigail?
Itha. To-day.
Bar. With whom?
Itha. A friar.
Bar. A friar! false villain, he hath done the deed.
Itha. How, sir?
Bar. Why, made mine Abigail a nun.
Itath. That's no lie, for she sent me for him.
Bar Oh, unhappy day,
False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!
But, let them go: and, Ithamore, from hence
Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;
Ne'er shall she live to inherit ought of mine,
Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,

But perish underneath my bitter curse,
Like Cain by Adam, for his brother's death.

Itha. Oh, master—

Bar. Ithamore, intreat not for her, I am moved,
And she is hateful to my soul and me:
And lest thou yield to this that I entreat,
I cannot think but that thou hatest my life.

Itha. Who, I, master? Why, I'll run to some rock,
And throw myself headlong into the sea; why, I'll do any
Thing for your sweet sake.

Bar. Oh, trusty Ithamore! no servant, but my friend;
I here adopt thee for mine only heir;
All that I have is thine when I am dead,
And whilst I live use half; spend as myself;
Here, take my keys, I'll give them thee anon;
Go buy thee garments; but thou shalt not want:
Only know this, that thus thou art to do:
But first go fetch me in the pot of rice
That for our supper stands upon the fire.

Itha. I hold my head my master's hungry—I go, sir. [*Exit.*

Bar. Thus every villain ambles after wealth,
Although he ne'er be richer than in hope:
But hush't.

Enter ITHAMORE *with the pot.*

Itha. Here 'tis, master.

Bar. Well said, Ithamore. What, hast thou brought
The ladle with thee too?

Itha. Yes, sir; the proverb says, he that eats with the devil
Had need of a long spoon*; I have brought you a ladle.

* *He that eats with the devil*
Had need of a long spoon.—A proverbial phrase. Stephano, in the Tempest, alluding to this proverb, says, *This is a devil and no*

Bar. Very well, Ithamore; then now be secret,
And for thy sake, whom I so dearly love,
Now shalt thou see the death of Abigail,
That thou may'st freely live to be my heir.

Itha. Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice
Porridge?—that will preserve life, make her round and plump,
And batten more than you are aware.

Bar. Aye, but, Ithamore, seest thou this?
It is a precious powder, that I bought
Of an Italian in Ancona once,
Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poison deeply; yet not appear
In forty hours after it is ta'en.

Itha. How, master?

Bar. Thus, Ithamore.
This even they use in Malta here ('tis called Saint Jaques' Even,) and then, I say, they use
To send their alms unto the nunneries:
Among the rest bear this, and set it there;
There's a dark entry where they take it in,
Where they must neither see the messenger,
Nor make enquiry who had sent it them.

Itha. How so?

Bar. Belike there is some ceremony in't.
There, Ithamore, must thou go place this pot:
Stay, let me spice it first.

Itha. Pray do, and let me help you, master.—Pray let me taste first.

Bar. Pr'ythee do. What say'st thou now?

Itha. Troth, master, I'm loth such a pot of pottage should be spoiled.

Bar. Peace, Ithamore, 'tis better so than spared.

monster; I will leave him; I have no LONG SPOON.—Again in Chaucer's SQUIRE'S TALE—

"Therefore behoveth him a *ful long spone*
That shall eat with a fiend."

Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye.*
My purse, my coffer, and myself is thine.
Itha. Well, master, I go.
Bar. Stay, first let me stir it, Ithamore.
As fatal be it to her as the draught
Of which great Alexander drunk, and died;
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine,
Whereof his sire, the pope, was poisoned.
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
The juice of Hebon†, and Cocytus' breath,
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool,
Break from the fiery kingdom, and in this
Vomit your venom, and invenom her,
That, like a fiend, hath left her father thus!
Itha. What a blessing has he given't! was ever pot of
Rice porridge so sauc't! What shall I do with it?
Bar. Oh, my sweet Ithamore, go set it down,
And come again so soon as thou hast done,
For I have other business for thee.
Itha. Here's a drench to poison a whole stable of
Flanders mares; I'll carry it to the nuns with a powder.
Bar. And the horse pestilence to boot; away.
Itha. I am gone.
Pay me my wages, for my work is done. [*Exit.*
Bar. I'll pay thee with a vengeance, Ithamore.
[*Exit.*

Enter Governor, DEL BOSCO, *Knights, Bashaw.*

Gov. Welcome great bashaw; how fares Calymath?
What wind drives you thus into Malta road?
Bash. The wind that bloweth all the world besides,
Desire of gold.
Gov. Desire of gold, great sir?

* *Thou shalt have broth by the eye.*—Perhaps he means, thou shalt *see* how the broth that is designed for thee is made, that no mischievous ingredients enter its composition.

* *Hebon.*—Henbane or ebony.

That's to be gotten in the Western Inde:
In Malta are no golden minerals.

Bash. To you of Malta thus saith Calymath:
The time you took for respite is at hand;
For the performance of your promise past,
And for the tribute-money I am sent.

Gov. Bashaw, in brief, shalt have no tribute here,
Nor shall the heathens live upon our spoil:
First will we raze the city walls ourselves,
Lay waste the island, hew the temples down,
And shipping off our goods to Sicily,
Open an entrance for the wasteful sea,
Whose billows, beating the resistless banks,
Shall overflow it with their refluence.

Bash. Well, governor, since thou hast broke the league
By flat denial of the promised tribute,
Talk not of razing down your city walls;
You shall not need trouble yourselves so far,
For Selim Calymath shall come himself,
And with brass bullets batter down your towers,
And turn proud Malta to a wilderness,
For these intolerable wrongs of your's;
And so farewell. [*Exit.*

Gov. Farewell:
And now, you men of Malta, look about,
And let's provide to welcome Calymath:
Close your port-cullise, charge your basilisks,
And as you profitably take up arms,
So now courageously encounter them;
For by this answer broken is the league,
And nought is to be looked for now but wars,
And nought to us more welcome is than wars.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Friars.

1 *Friar.* Oh brother, brother, all the nuns are sick,
And physic will not help them; they must die.

2 *Friar*. The abbess sent for me to be confest:
Oh what a sad confession will there be!
1 *Friar*. And so did fair Maria send for me:
I'll to her lodging; hereabouts she lies. [*Exit*.

Enter ABIGAIL.

2 *Friar*. What, all dead save only Abigail?
Abig. And I shall die too, for I feel death coming.
Where is the friar that conversed with me?
2 *Friar*. Oh he is gone to see the other nuns.
Abig. I sent for him, but seeing you are come,
Be you my ghostly father: and first know,
That in this house I lived religiously,
Chaste and devout, much sorrowing for my sins:
But ere I came—
2 *Friar*. What then?
Abig. I did offend high Heaven so grievously,
As I am almost desperate for my sins;
And one offence torments me more than all;
You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick?
2 *Friar*. Yes, what of them?
Abig. My father did contract me to 'em both:
First to Don Lodowick, him I never loved;
Mathias was the man that I held dear,
And for his sake did I become a nun.
2 *Friar*. So; say how was their end?
Abig. Both, jealous of my love, envied each other:
And by my father's practice, which is there
Set down at large, the gallants were both slain.
2 *Friar*. Oh monstrous villany!
Abig. To work my peace, this I confess to thee;
Reveal it not, for then my father dies.
2 *Friar*. Know, that confession must not be revealed,
The canon law forbids it, and the priest
That makes it known, being degraded first,
Shall be condemned, and then sent to the fire.
Abig. So I have heard; pray therefore keep it close.
Death seizeth on my heart: ah, gentle friar,

Convert my father, that he may be saved!
And witness that I die a Christian. (*Dies.*)

2 *Friar*. Aye, and a virgin too, that grieves me most:
But I must to the Jew, and exclaim on him,
And make him stand in fear of me.

Enter first Friar.

1 *Friar*. Oh, brother all the nuns are dead; let's bury them.

2 *Friar*. First help to bury this; then go with me
And help me to exclaim against the Jew.

1 *Friar*. Why, what has he done?

2 *Friar*. A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.

1 *Friar*. What, has he crucified a child?*

2 *Friar*. No, but a worse thing; 'twas told me in shrift,
Thou know'st 'tis death and if it be revealed.
Come let's away. [*Exeunt.*

* *What, has he crucified a child?*—In Queen Elizabeth's time no Jews resided in England; and the prejudices entertained against that persecuted people seem to have been kept up by every artifice which either religion or policy could invent. The stage also contributed its assistance to establish the general odium; no characters seeming to afford more satisfaction to the audience than this of the Jew of Malta, and Shakspeare's Jew of Venice. With respect to the particular charge against the Jews, mentioned in the text, it probably, as Dr. Percy says, never happened in a single instance: "For if we consider," as that writer observes, "on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be catched up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror: we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious.—See Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i. p. 38. Tovey, in his *Anglia Judaica*, has given the several instances which are upon record of these charges against the Jews: which he observes they were never accused of, but at such times as the king was manifestly in great want of money.

ACT IV.

Enter BARABAS, ITHAMORE. (*Bells within.*)

Bar. There is no music to a Christian's knell;
How sweet the bells ring, now the nuns are dead,
That sound at other times like tinkers' pans!
I was afraid the poison had not wrought,
Or though it wrought, it would have done no good;
For every year they swell, and yet they live;
Now all are dead, not one remains alive.

Itha. That's brave, master; but think you it will not be known?

Bar. How can it, if we two be secret?

Itha. For my part, fear you not.

Bar. I'd cut thy throat, if I did. *thou didst*

Itha. And reason too;
But here's a royal monastry hard by;
Good master, let me poison all the monks.

Bar. Thou shalt not need, for, now the nuns are dead,
They'll die with grief.

Itha. Do you not sorrow for your daughter's death.

Bar. No, but I grieve because she lived so long;
An Hebrew born, and would become a Christian.
Catho diabola.

Enter the two Friars.

Itha. Look, look, master, here come two religious caterpillars.

Bar. I smelt them ere they came.

Itha. God-a-mercy nose; come, let's begone,

2 *Friar.* Stay, wicked Jew; repent, I say, and stay.

1 *Friar.* Thou hast offended, and therefore must be damned.

Bar. I fear they know we sent the poisoned broth.

Itha. And so do I, master, therefore speak 'em fair.

2 *Friar*. Barabas, thou hast—
1 *Friar*. Aye, that thou hast—
Bar. True I have money; what though I have?
2 *Friar*. Thou art a—
1 *Friar*. Aye, that thou art a—
Bar. What needs all this? I know I am a Jew.
2 *Friar*. Thy daughter—
1 *Friar*. Ay, thy daughter—
Bar. Oh, speak not of her, then I die with grief.
2 *Friar*. Remember that—
1 *Friar*. Aye, remember that—
Bar. I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.
2 *Friar*. Thou hast committed—
Bar. Fornication:
But that was in another country;
And besides, the wench is dead.
2 *Friar*. Aye, but, Barabas, remember Mathias and Don Lodowick.
Bar. Why, what of them?
2 *Friar*. I will not say that by a forged challenge they met.
Bar. She has confessed, and we are both undone;
My bosom inmates, (but I must dissemble.) (*Aside*.)
Oh holy friars, the burden of my sins
Lie heavy on my soul; then pray you tell me,
Is't not too late now to turn Christian?
I have been zealous in the Jewish faith,
Hard-hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch,
That would for lucre's sake have sold my soul.
A hundred for a hundred I have ta'en;
And now for store of wealth may I compare
With all the jews of Malta; but what is wealth!
I am a Jew, and therefore am I lost.
Would penance serve for this my sin,
I could afford to whip myself to death.
Itha. And so could I; but penance will not serve.
Bar. To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,
And on my knees creep to Jerusalem,
Cellars of wine, and sollers* full of wheat,

* *Sollers*.—A loft or garret.

Warehouses stuft with spices and with drugs,
Whole chests of gold, in bullion and in coin,
Besides I know not how much weight in pearl,
Orient and round, have I within my house;
At Alexandria, merchandize unsold:
But yesterday two ships went from this town,
Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns.
In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville,
Frankford, Lubeck, Moscow, and where not,
Have I debts owing; and in most of these,
Great sums of money lying in the banco;
All this I'll give to some religious house,
So I may be baptized, and live therein.

1 *Friar*. Oh, good Barabas, come to our house.

2 *Friar*. Oh no, good Barabas, come to our house;
And, Barabas, you know—

Bar. I know that I have highly sinned;
You shall convert me, you shall have all my wealth.

1 *Friar*. Oh, Barabas, their laws are strict.

Bar. I know they are, and I will be with you.

2 *Friar*. They wear no shirts, and they go bare-foot too.

Bar. Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolved
You shall confess me, and have all my goods.

1 *Friar*. Good Barabas, come to me.

Bar. You see I answer him, and yet he stays;
Bid him away, and go you home with me.

2 *Friar*. I'll be with you to-night.

Bar. Come to my house at one o'clock this night.

1 *Friar*. You hear your answer and you may be gone.

2 *Friar*. Why go, get you away.

1 *Friar*. I will not go for thee.

2 *Friar*. Not, then I'll make thee go.

1 *Friar*. How, dost call me rogue? (*Fight.*)

Itha. Part them, master, part them.

Bar. This is mere frailty, brethren, be content.
Friar Barnardino, go you with Ithamore.

Itha. You know my mind, let me alone with him;
Why does he go to thy house; let him be gone.

Bar. I'll give him something, and so stop his mouth. [*Exeunt Ithamore and Friar.*

I never heard of any man but he
Maligned the order of the Jacobines:
But do you think that I believe his words?
Why, brother, you converted Abigail;
And I am bound in charity to requite it,
And so I will; oh Jacomo, fail not, but come.

Friar. But Barabas, who shall be your godfathers;
For presently you shall be shrived.

Bar. Marry, the Turk shall be one of my godfathers?
But not a word to any of your convent.

Friar. I warrant thee, Barabas. [*Exit.*

Bar. So, now the fear is past, and I am safe:
For he that shrived her is within my house;
What if I murdered him ere Jacomo comes?
Now I have such a plot for both their lives,
As never Jew nor Christian knew the like.
One turned my daughter, therefore he shall die;
The other knows enough to have my life,
Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live.
But are not both these wise men, to suppose
That I will leave my house, my goods, and all,
To fast and be well whipt? I'll none of that.
Now, Friar Barnardino, I come to you;
I'll feast you, lodge you, give you fair words,
And after that, I and my trusty Turk——
No more, but so: it must and shall be done.
Ithamore, tell me, is the Friar asleep?

Enter ITHAMORE.

Itha. Yes; and I know not what the reason is,
Do what I can he will not strip himself,
Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes;
I fear me he mistrusts what we intend.

Bar. No, 'tis an order which the friars use:
Yet if he knew our meanings, could he 'scape?

Itha. No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so loud.

Bar. Why true, therefore did I place him there;
The other chambers open towards the street.
Itha. You loiter, master, wherefore stay we thus?
Oh how I long to see him shake his heels.
Bar. Come on, sirrah, off with your girdle, make a handsome noose;
Friar, awake.
Friar. What do you mean to strangle me?
Itha. Yes, 'cause you use to confess.
Bar. Blame not us, but the proverb, confess and be hanged;
Pull hard.
Friar. What, will you have my life?
Bar. Pull hard, I say; you would have had my goods.
Itha. Aye, and our lives too; therefore pull amain.
'Tis neatly done, sir, here's no print at all.
Bar. Then is it as it should be; take him up.
Itha. Nay, master, be ruled by me a little; so, let him lean
Upon his staff; excellent! he stands as if he were begging for bacon.
Bar. Who would not think but that this friar lived?
What time of night is't now, sweet Ithamore?
Itha. Towards one.
Bar. Then will not Jacomo be long from hence.

[*Exeunt Barabas and Ithamore.*

Enter JACOMO.

Jac. This is the hour wherein I shall proceed:
Oh happy hour, wherein I shall convert
An infidel, and bring his gold into our treasury.
But soft, is not this Barnardine? It is,
And, understanding I should come this way,
Stands here on purpose, meaning me some wrong,
To intercept my going to the Jew. Barnardine!
Wilt thou not speak? thou think'st I see thee not;
Away, I'd wish thee, and let me go by:
No, wilt thou not? nay, then I'll force my way;

And see, a staff stands ready for the purpose:
As thou likest that, stop me another time.
(*Strikes him, he falls.*)

Enter BARABAS *and* ITHAMORE.

Bar. Why, how now, Jacomo, what hast thou done?
Jac. Why, stricken him that would have struck at me.
Bar. Who is it? Barnardine? now out, alas, he is slain.
Itha. Aye, master, he is slain; look how his brains drop out on's nose.
Jac. Good sirs, I have don't; but nobody knows it but
You two; I may escape.
Bar. So might my man and I hang with you for company.
Itha. No, let us bear him to the magistrates.
Jac. Good Barabas, let me go.
Bar. No, pardon me, the law must have its course:
I must be forced to give in evidence,
That, being importuned by this Barnardine
To be a Christian, I shut him out,
And there he sat: now I, to keep my word,
And give my goods and substance to your house,
Was up thus early, with intent to go
Unto your friary, because you staid.
Itha. Fie upon them! master, will you turn Christian, when
Holy friars turn devils, and murder one another?
Bar. No, for this example I'll remain a Jew:
Heaven bless me; what, a friar a murderer!
When shall you see a Jew commit the like?
Itha. Why, a Turk could have done no more.
Bar. To-morrow is the sessions; you shall to it.
Come, Ithamore, let's help to take him hence.
Jac. Villains, I am a sacred person, touch me not.
Bar. The law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we:
'Las, I could weep at your calamity.

Take in the staff too, for that must be shown:
Law wills that each particular be known. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Courtezan and PHILIA BORZO.

Cour. Philia Borzo, didst thou meet with Ithamore?

Phil. I did.

Cour. And didst thou deliver my letter?

Phil. I did.

Cour. And what thinkest thou, will he come?

Phil. I think so, and yet I cannot tell; for, at the reading of the letter, he looked like a man of another world.

Cour. Why so?

Phil. That such a base slave as he, should be saluted by such a tall man as I am, from such a beautiful dame as you.

Cour. And what said he?

Phil. Not a wise word, only gave me a nod, as who should say, is it even so? and so I left him, being driven to a nonplus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.

Cour. And where didst meet him?

Phil. Upon my own freehold, within forty foot of the gallows, conning his neck-verse,* I take it, looking of a friar's execution, whom I saluted with an old hempen proverb, *Hodie tibi, cras mihi,* and so I left him to the mercy of the hangman; but the exercise being done, see where he comes.

Enter ITHAMORE.

Itha. I never knew a man take his death so patiently as this friar; he was ready to leap off ere the hal-

* *Neck-verse.*—At the time when the ceremony of reading was one of the forms used in courts of justice, to determine whether a person was entitled to the benefit of clergy, it was usual to open the book at a particular place, and the criminal read the words *miserere mei Deus,* which from being used constantly upon this occasion, were denominated the *neck-verse.*

ter was about his neck; and when the hangman had put on his hempen tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if he had had another cure to serve: well, go whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in haste:

And, now I think on't, going to the execution, a fellow
Met me with a mustachios like a raven's wing, and
A dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan, and he
Gave me a letter from one madame Bellamira,
Saluting me in such sort, as if he meant to make
Clean my boots with his lips; the effect was, that
I should come to her house; I wonder what the reason
is;
It may be she sees more in me than I can find in
Myself: for she writes further, that she loves me
Ever since she saw me; and who would not requite such
Love? here's her house, and here she comes, and now
Would I were gone! I am not worthy to look upon her.

Phil. This is the gentleman you writ to.

Itha. Gentleman! he flouts me; what gentry can be in a Turk of ten pence? I'll be gone.

Cour. Is't not a sweet-faced youth, Philia?

Itha. Again, sweet youth! did not you, sir, bring the sweet youth a letter?

Phil. I did, sir, and from this gentlewoman, who, as myself, and the rest of my family, stand or fall at your service.

Cour. Though woman's modesty should hale me
back,
I can withhold no longer: welcome, sweet love.

Itha. Now am I clean, or rather foully out of the way.

Cour. Whither so soon?

Itha. I'll go steal some money from my master,
To make me handsome: (*Aside*) pray pardon me,
I must go see a ship discharged.

Cour. Canst thou be so unkind to leave me thus?

Phil. And ye did but know how she loves you, sir

Itha. Nay, I care not how much she loves me;

Sweet Bellamira, would I had my master's wealth for
thy sake.
Phil. And you can have it, sir, and if you please.
Itha. If 'twere above ground, I could, and would
have it;
But he hides and buries it up, as partridges do
Their eggs, under the earth.
Phil. And is't not possible to find it out?
Itha. By no means possible.
Cour. What shall we do with this base villain,
then?
Phil. Let me alone, do but speak him fair:
But you know some secrets of the Jew, which, if they
were
Revealed, would do him harm.
Itha. Aye, and such as——go to, no more,
I'll make him send me half he has, and glad
He 'scapes so too. Pen and ink:
I'll write unto him; we'll have money straight.
Phil. Send for a hundred crowns at least.
Itha. Ten hundred thousand crowns, master Ba-
rabas. (*He writes.*)
Phil. Write not so submissively, but threaten him.
Itha. Sirrah, Barabas, send me a hundred crowns.
Phil. Put in two hundred, at least.
Itha. I charge thee send me three hundred by this
bearer, and this
Shall be your warrant; if you do not, no more, but so.
Phil. Tell him you will confess.
Itha. Otherwise I'll confess all. Vanish, and return
in a twinkle.
Phil. Let me alone, I'll use him in his kind. [*Exit.*
Itha. Hang him, Jew!
Cour. Now, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.
Where are my maids? provide a running banquet;
Send to the merchant, bid him bring me silks;
Shall Ithamore, my love, go in such rags?
Itha. And bid the jeweller come hither too.
Cour. I have no husband, sweet, I'll marry thee.
Itha. Content; but we will leave this paltry land,

And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece;
I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece;
Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hurl'd,
And Bacchus' vineyards over-spread the world;
Where woods and forests go in goodly green,
I'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Love's Queen.
The meads, the orchards, and the primrose lanes,
Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar-canes:
Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me, and be my love.

Cour. Whither will I not go with gentle Ithamore?

Enter PHILIA BORZO.

Itha. How, now! hast thou the gold?

Phil. Yes.

Itha. But came it freely; did the cow give down her milk freely?

Phil. At reading of the letter, he stared and stamped, and turned aside; I took him by the beard, and looked upon him thus: told him he were best to send it: then he hugged and embraced me.

Itha. Rather for fear than love.

Phil. Then, like a Jew, he laughed and jeered, and told me he loved me for your sake, and said what a faithful servant you had been.

Itha. The more villain he to keep me thus:
Here's goodly 'parel, is there not?

Phil. To conclude, he gave me ten crowns.

Itha. But ten! I'll not leave him worth a grey groat; give me a ream of paper, we'll have a kingdom of gold for't.

Phil. Write for five hundred crowns.

Itha. Sirrah, Jew, as you love your life, send me five hundred crowns,
And give the bearer one hundred. Tell him I must hav't.

Phil. I warrant your worship shall hav't.

Itha. And if he ask why I demand so much, tell him,

I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns.
Phil. You'd make a rich poet, sir; I am gone.
[*Exit.*
Itha. Take thou the money, spend it for my sake.
Cour. 'Tis not thy money, but thyself I weigh:
Thus Bellamira esteems of gold; (*Throwing it away.*)
But thus of thee. (*Kisses him.*)
Itha. That kiss again; she runs division* of my lips.
What an eye she casts on me!
It twinkles like a star.
Cour. Come, my dear love, let's in and sleep together.
Itha. Oh that ten thousand nights were put in one,
That we might sleep seven years together, afore
We wake.
Cour. Come, amorous wag, first banquet, and then sleep.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BARABAS *reading a letter.*

Bar. "Barabas, send me three hundred crowns."
Plain Barabas: O that wicked courtezan!
He was not wont to call me Barabas.
"Or else I will confess." Aye, there it goes:
But if I get him *coupe de gorge* for that!—
He sent a shaggy, totter'd,* staring slave,
That, when he speaks, draws out his grisly beard,
And winds it twice or thrice about his ear;
Whose face has been a grind-stone for men's swords:
His hands are hacked, some fingers cut quite off;
Who, when he speaks, grunts like a hog, and looks
Like one that is employed in catzerie,†
And crosbiting;‡ such a rogue

* *She runs division.*—A musical term.

† *Tottered.*—Tattered.

‡ *Catzerie* means some species of fraud; perhaps the art of begging, from *cattare*, to *obtain*. *Ital.*

* *Crosbiting*. A cant term for cheating.

As is the husband to a hundred whores:
And I by him must send three hundred crowns.
Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still;
And when he comes:—oh that he were but here!

Enter PHILIA BORZA.

Phil. Jew, I must have more gold.
Bar. Why, want'st thou any of thy tale?
Phil. No, but three hundred will not serve his turn.
Bar. Not serve his turn, sir?
Phil. No, sir; and therefore I must have five hundred more.
Bar. I'll rather——
Phil. O, good words, sir, and send it, you were best; see
There's his letter.
Bar. Might he not as well come as send? Pray bid him
Come and fetch it; what he writes for you, ye shall have straight.
Phil. Aye, and the rest too, or else——
Bar. I must make this villain away:—please you dine
With me, sir,—and you shall be most heartily poisoned. (*Aside.*)
Phil. No; God-a-mercy, shall I have these crowns?
Bar. I cannot do it, I have lost my keys.
Phil. Oh, if that be all, I can pick ope your locks.
Bar. Or climb up to my counting-house window;
You know my meaning.
Phil. I know enough, and therefore talk not to me of your counting-house: the gold, or know, Jew, it is in my power to hang thee.
Bar. I am betrayed!
'Tis not five hundred crowns that I esteem,
I am not moved at that; this angers me,
That he, who knows I love him as myself,
Should write in this imperious vein. Why, sir,

You know I have no child; and unto whom
Should I leave all, but unto Ithamore?

Phil. Here's many words, but no crowns;—the crowns.

Bar. Commend me to him, sir, most humbly,
And unto your good mistress, as unknown.

Phil. Speak, shall I have them, sir?

Bar. Sir, here they are.
Oh that I should part with so much gold!
Here, take them, fellow, with as good a will——
As I would see thee hanged;——Oh, love stops my breath;
Never loved man servant as I do Ithamore.

Phil. I know it, sir.

Bar. Pray, when, sir, shall I see you at my house?

Phil. Soon enough to your cost, sir;
Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bar. Nay, thine own cost, villain, if thou com'st.
Was ever Jew tormented as I am?
To have a shag-rag knave to come—
Three hundred crowns, and then five hundred crowns?
Well; I must seek a means to rid them all,
And presently; for in his villany
He will tell all he knows, and I shall die for't. I have it;
I will, in some disguise, go see the slave,
And how the villain revels with my gold. [*Exit.*

Enter Courtezan, ITHAMORE, PHILIA BORZA.

Cour. I'll pledge thee, love, and therefore drink it off.

Itha. Say'st thou me so? have at it; and do you hear? (*Whispers.*)

Cour. Go to, it shall be so.

Itha. On that condition I will drink it up; here's to thee.

Phil. Nay, I'll have all or none.

Itha. There, if thou lovest me, do not leave a drop.

Cour. Love thee! fill me three glasses.

Itha. Three and fifty dozen, I'll pledge thee.

Phil. Knavely spoke, and like a knight at arms.
Itha. Hey, *Rivo Castiliano,** a man's a man.
Cour. Now to the Jew.
Itha. Ha, to the Jew, and send me money, you were best.
Phil. What wouldst thou do, if he should send thee none?
Itha. Do nothing; but I know what I know;
He's a murderer.
Cour. I had not thought he had been so brave a man.
Itha. You knew Mathias and the governor's son;—he and
I killed them both, and yet never touched them.
Phil. Oh bravely done!
Itha. I carried the broth that poisoned the nuns;—and he
And I snicle hand too fast,† strangled a friar.
Cour. You two alone?
Itha. We two; and 'twas never known, nor never shall,
But for me.
Phil. This shall with me unto the governor.
Cour. And fit it should; but first let's have more gold.
Come, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.
Itha. Love me little, love me long; let music rumble,
Whilst I in thy incony lap‡ do tumble.

Enter BARABAS *with a Lute, disguised.*

Cour. A French musician; come, let's hear your skill.

* *Rivo Castiliano* ;— is used by the old Dramatists interjectionally, as an incitement to mirth.

† *Snicle hand too fast.*—I believe this passage to be corrupt. It is certainly obscure. We may indeed suppose *snicle*, like *snailes*, to be a corrupted oath, and read hand to *fist*, instead of too *fast*.

‡ *Incony lap.*—Kony, or incony, is fine, delicate.

Bar. Must tuna my lute for sound, twang twang, first.

Itha. Wilt drink, Frenchman? here's to thee with a ———

Pox on this drunken hickup.

Bar. Gramercy, monsieur.

Cour. Pr'ythee, Philia Borzo, bid the fiddler give me The posey in his hat there.

Phil. Sirrah, you must give my mistress your posey.

Bar. *A voustre commandemente, madam.*

Cour. How sweet, my Ithamore, the flowers smell.

Itha. Like thy breath, sweetheart, no violet like them.

Phil. Foh, methinks they stink like a holly hoke.*

Bar. So now I am revenged upon them all. The scent thereof was death, I poisoned it.

Itha. Play, fiddler, or I'll cut your cat's guts into chitterlings.

Bar. Pardona moy, be no in tune yet: so now, now all be in.

Itha. Give him a crown, and fill me out more wine.

Phil. There's two crowns for thee; play.

Bar. How liberally the villain gives me my own gold! (*Aside.*)

Phil. Methinks he fingers very well.

Bar. So did you when you stole my gold. (*Aside.*)

Phil. How swift he runs.

Bar. You ran swifter when you threw my gold out of My window. (*Aside.*)

Cour. Musician, hast been in Malta long?

Bar. Two, three, four month, madam.

Itha. Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas?

Bar. Very mush; monsieur, you no be his man?

Phil. His man?

Itha. I scorn the peasant, tell him so.

* *Like a holly hoke.*—i. e. holly hock, *Malva Hortensis.* This flower, however, has no offensive smell.

Bar. He knows it already.

Itha. 'Tis a strange thing of that Jew, he lives upon
Pickled grasshoppers, and sauced mushrooms.

Bar. What a slave's this?
The governor feeds not as I do. (*Aside.*)

Itha. He never put on a clean shirt since he was circumcised.

Bar. Oh rascal! I change myself twice a day. (*Aside.*)

Itha. The hat he wears Judas left under the elder
When he hanged himself.

Bar. 'Twas sent me for a present from the Great Cham. (*Aside.*)

Phil. A nasty slave he is;
Whither now, fiddler?

Bar. Pardonnez moy, monsieur, me be no well. [*Exit.*

Phil. Farewell, fiddler! One more letter to the Jew.

Cour. Pr'ythee, sweet love, one more, and write it sharp.

Itha. No, I'll send by word of mouth now;
Bid him deliver thee a thousand crowns,
By the same token that the nuns loved rice,
That friar Barnardine slept in his own clothes;
Any of them will do it.

Phil. Let me alone to urge it, now I know the meaning.

Itha. The meaning has a meaning; come let's in;
To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Governor, Knights, MARTIN DEL BOSCO.

Gov. Now, gentlemen, betake you to your arms,
And see that Malta be well fortified;

And it behoves you to be resolute;
For Calymath having hover'd here so long,
Will win the town, or die before the walls.

Knights. And die he shall, for we will never yield.

Enter Courtezan and PHILIA BORZO.

Cour. Oh bring us to the governor.

Gov. Away with her, she is a courtezan.

Cour. Whate'er I am, yet, governor, hear me speak;
I bring the news by whom thy son was slain:
Mathias did it not, it was the Jew.

Phil. Who, besides the slaughter of these gentlemen,
Poison'd his own daughter, and the nuns,
Strangled a friar, and I know not what
Mischief beside.

Gov. Had we but proof of this!

Cour. Strong proof, my lord? his man's now at my Lodging, that was his agent; he'll confess it all.

Gov. Go fetch him straight, I always fear'd that Jew.

Enter Jew and ITHAMORE.

Bar. I'll go alone: dogs, do not hale me thus.

Itha. Nor me neither, I cannot outrun you, constable: oh my belly!

Bar. One dram of powder more had made all sure;
What a damn'd slave was I!

Gov. Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be fetch'd.

Knights. Nay stay, my lord, 't may be he will confess.

Bar. Confess! what mean you, lords, who should confess?

Gov. Thou and thy Turk; 'twas thou that slew my son.

Itha. Guilty, my lord, I confess; your son and Mathias

Were both contracted unto Abigail,
He forged a counterfeit challenge.

Bar. Who carried that challenge?

Itha. I carried it, I confess, but who writ it?
Marry, even he that strangled Barnardine, poison'd the Nuns, and his own daughter.

Gov. Away with him, his sight is death to me.

Bar. For what, you men of Malta? hear me speak;
She is a courtezan, and he a thief,
And he my bondman: let me have law,
For none of this can prejudice my life.

Gov. Once more away with him; you shall have law.

Bar. Devils, do your worst, I live in spite of you.
As these have spoke, so be it to their souls:
I hope the poison'd flowers will work anon.

[*Exeunt Barabas, Ithamore, &c.*

Enter Mother of MATHIAS.

Moth. Was my Mathias murdered by the Jew?
Ferneze, it was thy son that murdered him.

Gov. Be patient, gentle madam, it was he,
He forged the daring challenge and made them fight.

Moth. Where is the Jew? where is that murderer?

Gov. In prison, till the law has past on him.

Enter Officer.

Off. My lord, the courtezan and her man are dead;
So is the Turk, and Barabas the Jew.

Gov. Dead!

Off. Dead, my lord, and here they bring his body.

Del Bos. This sudden death of his is very strange.

Gov. Wonder not at it, sir, the Heavens are just.
Their deaths were like their lives, then think not of them;
Since they are dead let them be buried;
For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,

To be a prey for vultures and wild beasts.
So, now away, and fortify the town. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BARABAS.

Bar. What! all alone? well fare, sleepy drink,
I'll be revenged on this accursed town:
For by my means Calymath shall enter in.
I'll help to slay their children and their wives,
To fire their churches, pull their houses down:
Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands;
I hope to see the governor a slave,
And, rowing in a galley, whipt to death.

Enter CALYMATH, *Bashaws, and Turks.*

Caly: Whom have we there, a spy?
Bar. Yes, my good lord, one that can spy a place
Where you may enter, and surprise the town:
My name is Barabas; I am a Jew.
Caly. Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold
For tribute-money?
Bar. The very same, my lord:
And since that time they have hired a slave, my man,
To accuse me of a thousand villanies:
I was imprisoned, but escaped their hands.
Caly. Didst break prison?
Bar. No, no:
I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice;
And being asleep, belike they thought me dead,
And threw me o'er the walls: so, or how else,
The Jew is here, and rests at your command.
Caly. 'Twas bravely done; but tell me, Barabas,
Can'st thou, as thou report'st, make Malta ours?
Bar. Fear not, my lord; for here against the truce,
The rock is hollow, and of purpose digg'd,
To make a passage for the running streams
And common channels of the city.
Now, whilst you give assault unto the walls,

I'll lead five hundred soldiers through the vault,
And rise with them i'the middle of the town;
Open the gates for you to enter in,
And by this means the city is your own.

Caly. If this be true, I'll make thee governor.

Bar. And if it is not true, then let me die.

Caly. Thou'st doom'd thyself; assault it presently.
[*Exeunt*.

Alarms.—Enter Turks, BARABAS; *Governor and Knights prisoners.*

Caly. Now vail your pride, you captive Christians,
And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe.
Now where's the hope you had of haughty Spain?
Ferneze, speak, had it not been much better
To kept thy promise, than be thus surprised?

Gov. What should I say; we are captives, and must yield.

Caly. Aye, villains, you must yield, and under Turkish yokes
Shall groaning bear the burden of our ire;
And, Barabas, as erst we promised thee,
For thy desert we make thee governor;
Use them at thy discretion.

Bar. Thanks, my lord.

Gov Oh fatal day, to fall into the hands,
Of such a traitor and unhallowed Jew!
What greater misery could heaven inflict?

Caly. 'Tis our command:—and, Barabas, we give,
To guard thy person, these our janizaries;
Intreat them well, as we have used thee.—
And now, brave bashaws, come, we'll walk about
The ruined town, and see the wreck we made:—
Farewell, brave Jew, farewell, great Barabas. [*Exeunt*.

Bar. May all good fortune follow Calymath.
And now, as entrance to our safety,
To prison with the governor, and these
Captains, his consorts, and confederates.

Gov. Oh villain! Heaven will be revenged on thee.
[*Exeunt*.

Bar. Away, no more, let him not trouble me.—
Thus hast thou gotten, by thy policy,
No simple place, no small authority.
I now am governor of Malta; true,
But Malta hates me, and, in hating me,
My life's in danger; and what boots it thee,
Poor Barabas, to be the governor,
When as thy life shall be at their command?
No, Barabas, this must be looked into;
And, since by wrong thou got'st authority,
Maintain it bravely by firm policy,
At least, unprofitably lose it not;
For he that liveth in authority,
And neither gets him friends, nor fills his bags,
Live likes the ass that Æsop speaketh of,
That labours with a load of bread and wine,
And leaves it off to snap on thistle tops:
But Barabas will be more circumspect.
Begin betimes, Occasion's bald behind;
Slip not thine opportunity, for fear too late
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass it.
Within here!

Enter Governor, with a guard.

Gov. My lord!
Bar. Aye, lord, thus slaves will learn.
Now, Governor,—stand by there, wait within,—
(To the Guard.)
This is the reason that I sent for thee;
Thou seest thy life, and Malta's happiness,
Are at my arbitrament; and Barabas,
At his discretion, may dispose of both:
Now tell me, governor, and plainly too,
What think'st thou shall become of it and thee?
Gov. This, Barabas; since things are in thy power,
I see no reason but of Malta's wreck,
Nor hope of thee, but extreme cruelty;
Nor fear I death, nor will I flatter thee.
Bar. Governor, good words; be not so furious;

'Tis not thy life which can avail me aught,
Yet you do live, and live for me you shall:
And as for Malta's ruin, think you not
'Twere slender policy for Barabas
To dispossess himself of such a place?
For sith, as once you said, within this isle,
In Malta here, that I have got my goods,
And in this city still have had success,
And now at length am grown your governor,
Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot;
For, as a friend not known but in distress,
I'll rear up Malta, now remediless.

Gov. Will Barabas recover Malta's loss?
Will Barabas be good to Christians?

Bar. What wilt thou give me, governor, to procure
A dissolution of the slavish bands
Wherein the Turk hath yoked your land and you?
What will you give me if I render you
The life of Calymath, surprize his men,
And in an out-house of the city shut
His soldiers, till I have consumed them all with fire?
What will you give him that procureth this?

Gov. Do but bring this to pass which thou pretendest;
Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the citizens,
And, by my letters, privately procure
Great sums of money for thy recompence:
Nay more, do this, and live thou governor still.

Bar. Nay, do thou this, Ferneze, and be free:
Governor, I enlarge thee, live with me,
Go walk about the city, see thy friends:
Tush, send not letters to them, go thyself,
And let me see what money thou canst make;
Here is my hand, that I'll set Malta free;
And thus we cast it: To a solemn feast
I will invite young Selim Calymath,
Where be thou present, only to perform
One stratagem that I'll impart to thee,

Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,
And I will warrant Malta free for ever.
Gov. Here is my hand; believe me, Barabas,
I will be there, and do as thou desirest.
When is the time?
Bar. Governor, presently;
For Calymath, when he hath viewed the town,
Will take his leave, and sail toward Ottoman.
Gov. Then will I, Barabas, about this coin,
And bring it with me to thee in the evening.
Bar. Do so, but fail not; now farewell, Ferneze:—
[*Exit Governor*.
And thus far roundly goes the business:
Thus, loving neither, will I live with both,
Making a profit of my policy;
And he from whom my most advantage comes,
Shall be my friend.
This is the life we Jews are used to lead;
And reason too, for Christians do the like.
Well, now about effecting this device;
First, to surprize great Selim's soldiers,
And then, to make provision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done;
My policy detests prevention:
To what event my secret purpose drives,
I know; and they shall witness with their lives. [*Exit*.

Enter CALYMATH, *Bashaws*.

Caly. Thus have we viewed the city, seen the sack,
And caused the ruins to be new repaired,
Which with our bombards, shot, and basilisk,
We rent in sunder at our entry:
And, now I see the situation,
And how secure this conquered island stands
Environed with the Mediterranean Sea,
Strong countermined with other petty isles;
And toward Calabria backed by Sicily,
Two lofty turrets that command the town,

When Siracusian Dionysius reigned,
I wonder how it could be conquered thus.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. From Barabas, Malta's governor, I bring
A message unto mighty Calymath;
Hearing his sovereign was bound for sea,
To sail to Turkey, to great Ottoman,
He humbly would intreat your majesty
To come and see his homely citadel,
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle.

Caly. To banquet with him in his citadel?
I fear me, messenger, to feast my train
Within a town of war so lately pillaged,
Will be too costly and too troublesome:
Yet would I gladly visit Barabas,
For well has Barabas deserved of us.

Mess. Selim, for that, thus sayeth the governor,
That he hath in store a pearl so big,
So precious, and withal so orient,
As, be it valued but indifferently,
The price thereof will serve to entertain
Selim and all his soldiers for a month;
Therefore he humbly would intreat your highness
Not to depart till he has feasted you.

Caly. I cannot feast my men in Malta walls,
Except he place his tables in the streets.

Mess. Know, Selim, that there is a monastery,
Which standeth as an out-house to the town;
There will he banquet them, but thee at home,
With all thy bashaws and brave followers.

Caly. Well, tell the governor we grant his suit;
We'll in this summer evening feast with him.

Mess. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Caly. And now, bold bashaws, let us to our tents,
And meditate how we may grace us best
To solemnize our governor's great feast. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, Knights, and DEL BOSCO.

Gov. In this, my countrymen, be ruled by me;
Have special care that no man sally forth
Till you shall hear a culverin discharged
By him that bears the linstock, kindled thus:
Then issue out, and come to rescue me;
For happily I shall be in distress,
Or you released of this servitude.
1 *Knight.* Rather than thus to live as Turkish thralls,
What will we not adventure?
Gov. On then, be gone.
Knights. Farewell, grave governor.

Enter BARABAS *above, with a hammer, very busy.*

Bar. How stand the cords? how hang these hinges, fast?
Are all the cranes and pullies sure?
Serv. All fast.
Bar. Leave nothing loose, all levelled to my mind.
Why now I see that you have art indeed.
There, carpenters, divide that gold amongst you:
Go, swill in bowls of sack and muscadine;
Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines.
Carp. We shall, my lord, and thank you. [*Exeunt.*
Bar. And if you like them, drink your fill and die;
For so I live, perish may all the world.
Now, Selim Calymath, return me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.—
Now, sirrah, what—will he come?

Enter Messenger.

Mes. He will; and has commanded all his men
To come ashore, and march through Malta streets,
That thou mayest feast them in thy citadel.

Bar. Then now are all things as my wish would have them;
There wanteth nothing but the governor's pelf;
And see he brings it. Now, governor, the sum?

Enter Governor.

Gov. With free consent, a hundred thousand pounds.
Bar. Pounds, sayest thou, governor? well, since it is no more,
I'll satisfy myself with that;—nay, keep it still;
For if I keep not promise, trust not me:
And, governor, now partake my policy;
First, for his army, they are sent before,
Entered the monastery, and underneath,
In several places are field-pieces pitched,
Bombards, whole barrels full of gunpowder,
That on the sudden shall dissever it,
And batter all the stones about their ears,
Whence none can possibly escape alive.
Now, as for Calymath and his consorts,
Here have I made a dainty gallery;
The floor whereof, this cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder, so that it doth sink
Into a deep pit past recovery.
Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,
And with his bashaws shall be blythely set,
A warning-piece shall be shot off from the tower,
To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord,
And fire the house: say, will not this be brave?
Gov. Oh excellent! here, hold thee, Barabas,
I trust thy word, take what I promised thee.
Bar. No, governor, I'll satisfy thee first;
Thou shalt not live in doubt of any thing.
Stand close, for here they come.—Why, is not this
A kingly kind of trade, to purchase towns
By treachery, and sell them by deceit?
Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun,
If greater falsehood ever has been done.

Enter CALYMATH *and Bashaws.*

Caly. Come, my companion-bashaws, see, I pray,
How busy Barabas is there above
To entertain us in his gallery;
Let us salute him :—save thee, Barabas.
Bar. Welcome, great Calymath.
Gov. How the slave jeers at him!
Bar. Will't please thee, mighty Selim Calymath,
To ascend our homely stairs?
Caly. Aye, Barabas.—Come, bashaws, attend.
Gov. Stay, Calymath;
For I will show thee greater courtesy
Than Barabas would have afforded thee.
Knights. Sound a charge there.
(*A charge, the cable cut, a cauldron discovered.*)
Caly. How now! what means this?
Bar. Help, help me, Christians, help!
Gov. See, Calymath, this was devised for thee.
Caly. Treason, treason, bashaws, fly!
Gov. No, Selim, do not fly;
See his end first, and fly then if thou canst.
Bar. Oh help me, Selim, help me, Christians!
Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?
Gov. Should I in pity of thy plaints or thee,
Accursed Barabas, base Jew, relent?
No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,
But wish thou hadst behaved thee otherwise.
Bar. You will not help me then?
Gov. No, villain, no.
Bar. And, villains, know you cannot help me now.
Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments strive
To end thy life with resolution.—
Know, governor, 'twas I that slew thy son;
I framed the challenge that did make them meet.
Know, Calymath, I aimed thy overthrow,
And, had I but escaped this stratagem,

I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damned Christians, dogs, and Turkish infidels.—
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs:
Die, life—fly, soul—tongue, curse thy fill—and die.
(*Dies.*)

Caly. Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?

Gov. This train he laid to have entrapped thy life.
Now, Selim, note the unhallowed deeds of Jews:
Thus he determined to have handled thee,
But I have rather chose to save thy life.

Caly. Was this the banquet he prepared for us?
Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended. *

Gov. Nay, Selim, stay; for, since we have thee here,
We will not let thee part so suddenly.
Besides, if we should let thee go, all's one,
For with thy gallies couldst thou not get hence,
Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.

Caly. Tush, governor, take thou no care for that,
My men are all aboard,
And do attend my coming there, by this.

Gov. Why, heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a charge?

Caly. Yes, what of that?

Gov. Why then the house was fired,
Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.

Caly. Oh monstrous treason!

Gov. A Jew's courtesy;
For he that did by treason work our fall,
By treason hath delivered thee to us:
Know, therefore, till thy father hath made good
The ruins done to Malta and to us,
Thou canst not part; for Malta shall be freed,
Or Selim ne'er return to Ottoman.

Caly. Nay, rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,

* *Pretended.*—Designed.

In person there to meditate your peace;
To keep me here, will nought advantage you.
Gov. Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,
And live in Malta prisoner; for, come all the world
To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,
As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry,
Than conquer Malta, or endanger us.
So march away, and let due praise be given,
Neither to fate nor fortune, but to Heaven.

THE END.

Edition.

The famous Tragedy of The Rich Jew of Malta, as it was played before the King and Queene, in his Majesties Theatre, at Whitehall, by her Majesties Servants at the Cock Pit. Written by Christopher Marlow. London, printed by J. B. for Nicholas Vavasour; and are to be sold at his shop in the Inner Temple, neere the church. 1633. 4to.

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoken at Court.

It is our fear, dread Sovereign, we have been
Too tedious; neither can't be less than sin
To wrong your princely patience: if we have,
(Thus low dejected) we your pardon crave;
And if aught here offend your ear or sight,
We only act, and speak, what others write.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken at the Cock-pit.

In graving, with Pygmalion to contend;
Or painting, with Apelles; doubtless the end
Must be disgrace: our actor did not so,
He only aim'd to go, but not out-go.
Nor think that this day any prize was played;
Here were no bets at all, no wagers laid:
All the ambition that his mind doth swell,
Is but to hear from you, by me, 'twas well.

W. OXBERRY AND CO. PRINTERS,
8, WHITE-HART-YARD, DRURY-LANE, LONDON.

Orberry's Edition.

EDWARD THE SECOND,

A TRAGEDY;

BY

Christopher Marlow.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

BY W. OXBERRY,

Comedian.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREET; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL; AND SOLD BY W. AND J. LOWNDES, 9, BRYDGES-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

1818.

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Remarks.

EDWARD THE SECOND is a very fair specimen by which to judge of MARLOW's merits and defects. It combines both in no ordinary degree; his poverty of plot and rich colouring of character are, perhaps, more fully displayed here than in any other of his plays; we may truly be said to see him here in his strength and in his weakness.

MARLOW cannot be called a poet in the usual acceptation of the word; he paints character with truth and power, but he seldom has imgery, either of idea or expression: there is little indeed, of the sublime or the beautiful in his writings. His language and his thoughts are alike homely; but there is oftentimes a terrible reality in his pictures.

Perhaps this point will be more intelligible by comparing this play with Shakspeare's "Richard the Second," which has borrowed from it largely; and, to speak with candour, rather too largely. In either play is a scene describing the reluctant parting of royalty from the crown; and each poet has set his own peculiar seal upon his writing.

Edw. But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

Bish. Your grace mistakes; it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right, we crave the crown.

Edw. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, incompassed by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.

But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heav'n turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire,
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
So shall not England's vine be perished,
But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.

Leices. My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer, will you yield your crown?

Edw. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause,
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
In which extremes my mind here murther'd is.
But what the heav'ns appoint, I must obey!
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too;
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.
Continue ever, thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime:
Stand still, you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king.
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wished crown.
Inhuman creatures! nursed with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow?
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again!
What, fear you not the fury of your king?
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led;
They pass not for thy frowns, as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,

Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments;
And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head—
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

Bish. My lord, the parliament must have present news;
And therefore say, will you resign or no?

(*The King rageth.*)

Edw. I'll not resign! but whilst I live, be king!
Traitors, be gone, and join with Mortimer.
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will;
Their blood and yours' shall seal these treacheries!

Bish. This answer we'll return, and so farewell.

Leices. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair;
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

Edw. Call thou them back—I have no power to speak.

Leices. My lord, the king is willing to resign.

Bish. If he be not, let him choose.

Edw. Oh would I might! but heav'n and earth conspire
To make me miserable! Here, receive my crown;
Receive it! No, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be call'd the murtherer of a king,
Take it. What are you mov'd? pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer;
And Isabel, whose eyes being turn'd to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,
Here, here! Now, sweet God of heav'n,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for ever enthroniz'd in heav'n!
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I live, let me forget myself.

Enter BARTLEY.

Bart. My lord.

Edw. Call me not lord;

Away out of my sight—ah, pardon me,
Grief makes me lunatic!
Let not that Mortimer protect my son;
More safety is there in a tiger's jaws,
Than his embracements—bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dry'd again with sighs;
If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,
Return it back, and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I. Yet how have I transgrest,
Unless it be with too much clemency?

Bish. And thus most humbly do we take our leave.

[*Exit Bishop, attended.*

Edw. Farewell; I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be—
To wretched men, death is felicity.

No selection could be more favourable to MARLOW than the passage we have referred to:—in it the passions and characters are painted with his usual force, and, at the same time, with more imagery than is his custom. Now let us turn to *Richard* under circumstances precisely similar.

Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours* of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!--will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;

* Countenances.

And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer——
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes * two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Bol. I thought you had been willing to resign.

Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Bol. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care is—loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend † the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Bol. Are you contented to resign the crown?

Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm, *
With mine own hands I give away my crown,

† Owns.
* Attends.
† Oil of consecration.

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read (*Offering a paper.*)
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven!
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself—
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:

And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort * of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord——

Rich. No lord of line, thou haught, † insulting man,
Nor no man's lord! I have no name, no title—
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd! Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
Oh that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king, great king, (and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight;
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Bol. Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!

Bol. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—

* Pack.

† Haughty.

No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—Oh, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
(*Dashes the glass against the ground.*)
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Bol. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Bol. Name it, fair cousin.

Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Bol. Yet ask.

Rich. And shall I have?

Bol. You shall.

Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Bol. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bol. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers * are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

The character of *Richard* is certainly not drawn with more energy and discrimination than that of *Edward*; but there is a a charm derived from imagery and expression in the first, which is not to be found in the latter.

Considered as a whole, this tragedy is still more defective. There are three prominent actions:—*Edward* defied and trod upon by his Barons; *Edward* victorious; and *Edward* dethroned, imprisoned, and put to death. But these actions are crowded one upon another, without the linking of any minor incidents. An immense space of time must be supposed to pass from the first to the last, which time is not in any way filled up; we leap abruptly from one event to another; and thus the drama has the double defect, of a barren plot and a violation of all reality. But we shall speak more largely on this subject of the unities in the "Remarks on Romeo and Juliet," and, therefore, they must be for the present spared.

* Jugglers, also robbers.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Edward II.
Edward III.
Gaveston.
Old Spencer.
Young Spencer.
Old Mortimer.
Young Mortimer.
Lancaster.
Leicester.
Kent.
Arundel.
Warwick.
Pembroke.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Coventry.
Lord Matre.
Sir John Hainolt.
Lewine.
Baldock.
Matrevis,
Gurnie.
Rice ap Howel.
Lightborne.
Abbot,
Messengers, &c.
Queen Isabella,

EDWARD THE SECOND.

Enter GAVESTONE, *reading a letter.*

Gav. '*My father is deceas'd! Come, Gaveston,*
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.'
Ah, words that make me surfeit with delight!
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston,
Than live and be the favourite of a king?
Sweet prince, I come! These, these thy amorous lines
Might have enforc'd me to have swam from France,
And, like Leander, gasp'd upon the sand,
So thou wouldst smile, and take me in thine arms.
The sight of London to my exil'd eyes,
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul;
Not that I love the city or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold so dear—
The king, upon whose bosom let me lie,
And with the world be still at enmity.
What need the arctick people love star-light,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers;
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
As for the multitude, they are but sparks,
Rak'd up in embers of their poverty,
Tanti: I'll fawn first on the wind
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.
But how now, what are these?

Enter three poor Men.

Men. Such as desire your worship's service.

Gav. What canst thou do?
1*st*. *Man.* I can ride.
Gav. But I have no horse. What art thou?
2*d*. *Man.* A traveller.
Gav. Let me see—thou wouldst do well
To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time;
And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.
And what art thou?
3*rd*. *Man.* A soldier, that hath serv'd against the Scot.
Gav. Why there are hospitals for such as you;
I have no war, and therefore, sir, be gone.
3*rd*. *Man.* Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
That wouldst reward them with an hospital.
Gav. Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much
As if a goose should play the porcupine,
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope. (*Aside.*)
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not view'd my lord the king:
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.
Omnes. We thank your worship.
Gav. I have some business. Leave me to myself.
Omnes. We will wait here about the court.
[*Exeunt.*

Gav. Do: these are not men for me;
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string,
May draw the pliant king which way I please.
Music and poetry are his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay.
Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,

Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard by,
One like Acteon peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,
And running in the likeness of an hart,
By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem to die:—
Such things as these best please his majesty.
Here come the king and nobles
From the parliament. I'll stand aside.

Enter the KING, LANCASTER, OLD MORTIMER, YOUNG MORTIMER, EDMUND EARL OF KENT, GUY EARL OF WARWICK, *&c.*

Edw. Lancaster!
Lan. My lord.
Gav. That earl of Lancaster do I abhor. (*Aside.*)
Edw. Will you not grant me this? In spite of them
I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.
O. Mor. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.
Gav. That villain Mortimer, I'll be his death!
(*Aside.*)
Y. Mor. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,
Were sworn unto your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realm:
And know, my lord, e'er I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.
Gav. Mort dieu. (*Aside.*)
Edw. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words.
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?
The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.

I will have Gaveston, and you shall know
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.
Gav. Well done, Ned! (*Aside.*)
Lan. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honour you,
But for that base and obscure Gaveston?
Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster—
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester:
These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm;
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.
Edw. Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute;
But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Piercy of the North, being highly mov'd,
Brav'd Moubery in presence of the king;
For which, had not his highness lov'd him well,
He should have lost his head; but with his look
Th' undaunted spirit of Piercy was appeas'd,
And Moubery and he were reconcil'd.
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face!
Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.
War. Oh, our heads!
Edw. Ay, yours'; and therefore I would wish you grant.*
War. Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.
Y. Mor. I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak.
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.
Come, uncle, let us leave the brainsick king,
And henceforth parly with our naked swords.
O. Mor. Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.
War. All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.

* I would wish you *grant*—i. e. yield. Thus, page 17,

"I'll rather lose his friendship, I, than *grant*." X.

Lan. And northward Lancaster* hath many friends.
Adieu, my lord; and either change your mind,
Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood; and at thy wanton head,
The glozing head of thy base minion thrown.
[*Exeunt Nobles.*

Edw. I cannot brook these haughty menaces!
Am I a king, and must be over-rul'd?
Brother, display my ensigns in the field;
I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.

Gav. I can no longer keep me from my lord!

Edw. What, Gaveston! welcome—Kiss not my hand—
Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.
Why shouldst thou kneel?
Know'st thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston!
Not Hilas was more mourn'd by Hercules,
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.

Gav. And since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

Edw. I know it—Brother, welcome home my friend.
Now let the treach'rous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded earl of Lancaster!
I have my wish, in that I 'joy thy sight;
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.
I here create thee lord high-chamberlain,
Chief secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, king and lord of Man.

Gav. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

Kent. Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

Edw. Cease, brother; for I cannot brook these words.
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart;

* The old edition reads Gaveston.

If for these dignities thou envied be,
I'll give thee more; for, but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleas'd with kingly regiment.*
Fear'st thou thy person? thou shalt have a guard.
Wantest thou gold? go to my treasury.
Wouldst thou be lov'd and fear'd? receive my seal,
Save or condemn, and in our name command
What so thy mind affects, or fancy likes.

Gav. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the Bishop of Coventry.

Edw. Whither goes my lord of Coventry so fast?
Bish. To celebrate your father's exequies.
But is that wicked Gaveston return'd?
Edw. Ay, priest, and lives to be reveng'd on thee,
That wert the only cause of his exile.
Gav. 'Tis true; and but for reverence of these robes,
Thou shouldst not plod one foot beyond this place.
Bish. I did no more than I was bound to do;
And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaim'd,
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.
Gav. Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.
Edw. Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
And in the channel christen him anew.
Kent. Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him,
For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.
Gav. Let him complain unto the see of hell,
I'll be reveng'd on him for my exile.
Edw. No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods:
Be thou lord bishop, and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain:

* *Regiment*—i. e. rule. The word is of frequent occurrence. X.

I give him thee—here, use him as thou wilt.
Gav. He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.
Edw. Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.
Bish. For this offence, be thou accurst of God!
Edw. Who's there? Convey this priest to the tower.
Bish. True, true.
Edw. But, in the mean time, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.
Gav. What should a priest do with so fair a house?
A prison may best beseem his holiness. [*Exeunt.*

Enter both the MORTIMERS *on one side,* WARWICK *and* LANCASTER *on the other.*

War. 'Tis true—the bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.
Lan. What, will they tyrannize upon the church?
Ah, wicked king! accursed Gaveston!
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless sepulchre, or mine.
Y. Mor. Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure;
Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.
O. Mor. How now, why droops the earl of Lancaster?
Y. Mor. Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent?
Lan. That villain Gaveston is made an earl.
O. Mor. An earl!
War. Ay, and besides lord chamberlain of the realm,
And secretary too, and lord of Man.
O. Mor. We may not, nor we will not suffer this.
Y. Mor. Why post we not from hence to levy men?
Lan. My lord of Cornwall now at every word!
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march:

Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits;
And all the court begins to flatter him.

War. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.

O. Mor. Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

Lan. All stomach him, but none dare speak a word.

Y. Mor. Ay, that bewrays* their baseness, Lancaster.
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'll hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up—
Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

Enter the Bishop of Canterbury.

War. Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.

Lan. His countenance bewrays he is displeas'd.

Bish. First were his sacred garments rent and torn,
Then laid they violent hands upon him; next
Himself imprison'd, and his goods asseized:
This certify the pope;—away, take horse.

Lan. My lord, will you take arms against the king?

Bish. What need I? God himself is up in arms,
When violence is offer'd to the church.

Y. Mor. Then will you join with us, that be his peers,
To banish or behead that Gaveston?

Bish. What else, my lords? for it concerns me near;—
The bishoprick of Coventry is his.

Enter the QUEEN.

Y. Mor. Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?

* *Bewrays.*—This is synonimous with *betrays*. It occurs again immediately. Thus, too, Massinger,

—— "You sold your souls for golden drops,
Bewraying her to death who stept between you and the gallows."—*Virgin Martyr, a. 2. s. 1.* X.

Queen. Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now, my lord, the king regards me not,
But doats upon the love of Gaveston.
He claps his cheek, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston.

O. Mor. Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitch'd?

Y. Mor. Madam, return unto the court again:
That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
Or lose our lives; and yet ere that day come
The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,
And courage too, to be reveng'd at full.

Bish. But yet lift not your swords against the king.

Lan. No; but we'll lift Gaveston from hence.

War. And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

Queen. Then let him stay; for rather than my lord
Shall be oppress'd with civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolick with his minion.

Bish. My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak?
We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.

Lan. What we confirm the king will frustrate.

Y. Mor. Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

War. But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?

Bish. At the New Temple.

Y. Mor. Content:
And, in the mean time, I'll intreat you all
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

Lan. Come then, let's away.

Y. Mor. Madam, farewell!

Queen. Farewell, sweet Mortimer; and, for my sake,
Forbear to levy arms against the king.

Y. Mor. Ay, if words will serve, if not, I must.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GAVESTON.

Gav. Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Guy of Warwick, that rèdoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth—there let them remain.
[*Exit.*

Enter Nobles.

Lan. Here is the form of Gaveston's exile;
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.
Bish. Give me the paper.
Lan. Quick, quick, my lord;
I long to write my name.
War. But I long more to see him banish'd hence.
Y. Mor. The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,
Unless he be declin'd from that base peasant.

Enter the KING *and* GAVESTON.

Edw. What, are you moved that Gaveston sits here?
It is our pleasure, we will have it so.
Lan. Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
For no where else the new earl is so safe.
O. Mor. What man of noble birth can brook this sight?
Quam male conveniunt!
See what a scornful look the peasant casts!
Pem. Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?
War. Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton,
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun.
Y. Mor. Their downfall is at hand, their forces down:
We will not thus be fac'd and over-peer'd.

Edw. Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!
O. Mor. Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston!
Kent. Is this the duty that you owe your king?
War. We know our duties—let him know his
his peers.
Edw. Whither will you bear him? Stay, or ye
shall die.
O. Mor. We are no traitors, therefore threaten not.
Gav. No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them
home!
Were I a king—
Y. Mor. Thou villain, wherefore talk'st thou of a
king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?
Edw. Were he a peasant, being my minion,
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.
Lan. My lord, you may not thus disparage us.
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston.
O. Mor. And with the earl of Kent that favours
him.
Edw. Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king,
Here, Mortimer, sit thou on Edward's throne:
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown:
Was ever king thus over-rul'd as I?
Lan. Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.
Y. Mor. What we have done,
Our heart-blood shall maintain.
War. Think you that we can brook this upstart
pride?
Edw. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.
Bish. Why are you mov'd? be patient, my lord,
And see what we your counsellors have done.
Y. Mor. My lords, now let us all be resolute,
And either have our wills, or lose our lives.
Edw. Meet you for this? proud over-daring peers!
Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
This isle shall fleet upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.

Bish. You know that I am legate to the pope;
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.

Y. Mor. Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
Depose him, and elect another king.

Edw. Ay, there it goes—but yet I will not yield:
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

Lan. Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.

Bish. Remember how the bishop was abus'd!
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presently discharge these lords
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

Edw. It boots me not to threat—I must speak fair:
(*Aside.*)
The legate of the pope will be obey'd.
My lord, you shall be chancellor of the realm;
Thou, Lancaster, high-admiral of our fleet;
Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;
And you, lord Warwick, president of the North;
And thou of Wales. If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left
To frolick with my dearest Gaveston.

Bish. Nothing shall alter us—we are resolv'd.

Lan. Come, come, subscribe.

Y. Mor. Why should you love him
Whom the world hates so?

Edw. Because he loves me more than all the world.
Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston;
You that are noble born should pity him.

War. You that are princely born should shake him off:
For shame, subscribe, and let the loon depart.

O. Mor. Urge him, my lord.

Bish. Are you content to banish him the realm?

Edw. I see I must, and therefore am content:
Instead of ink I'll write it with my tears.

Y. Mor. The king is love-sick for his minion.
Edw. 'Tis done—and now, accursed hand, fall of.
Lan. Give it me—I'll have it publish'd in the streets.
Y. Mor. I'll see him presently dispatch'd away.
Bish. Now is my heart at ease.
War. And so is mine.
Pem. This will be good news to the common sort.
O. Mor. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

[*Exeunt Nobles.*

Edw. How fast they run to banish him I love!
They would not stir, were it to do me good.
Why should a king be subject to a priest?
Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperial grooms,
With these thy superstitious taper-lights,
Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
I'll fire thy crazed buildings, and enforce
Thy papal towers to kiss the lowly ground;
With slaughter'd priests make Tyber's channel swell,
And banks raise higher with their sepulchres.
As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

Enter GAVESTON.

Gav. My lord, I hear it whisper'd everywhere
That I am banish'd, and must fly the land.
Edw. 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston—Oh were it false!
The legate of the pope will have it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd.
But I will reign to be reveng'd on them;
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough;
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost,
I'll come to thee; my love shall ne'er decline.
Gav. Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief?
Edw. Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing words:
Thou from this land, I from myself am banish'd.

Gav. To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston;
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of Gaveston remains;
For no where else seeks he felicity.

Edw. And only this torments my wretched soul,
That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.
Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here take my picture, and let me wear thine:
O, might I keep thee here as I do this,
Happy were I; but now most miserable.

Gav. 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

Edw. Thou shalt not hence—I'll hide thee, Gaveston.

Gav. I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.

Edw. Kind words, and mutual talk, makes our grief greater:
Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part—
Stay, Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus.

Gav. For every look, my lord, drops down a tear;
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

Edw. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill;
But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.

Gav. The peers will frown.

Edw. I pass * not for their anger—Come let's go;
O that we might as well return as go.

Enter EDMUND *and* QUEEN ISABEL.

Queen. Whither goes my lord?

Edw. Fawn not on me, French strumpet! get thee gone.

Queen. On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

Gav. On Mortimer, on whom, ungentle queen—
I say no more—judge you the rest, my lord.

* I *pass* not for their anger—I do not weigh their anger—I do not consider it.

Queen. In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston;
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?

Gav. I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.

Edw. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveston exil'd;
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconcil'd to me.

Queen. Your highness knows it lies not in my power.

Edw. Away, then, touch me not—Come, Gaveston.

Queen. Villain, 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord.

Gav. Madam, 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord.

Edw. Speak not unto her; let her droop and pine.

Queen. Wherein, my lord, have I deserv'd these words?
Witness the tears that Isabella sheds;
Witness this heart, that sighing for thee, breaks—
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.

Edw. And witness, heaven, how dear thou art to me!
There weep; for till my Gaveston be repeal'd,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.

[*Exeunt Edward and Gaveston.*

Queen. O miserable and distressed queen!
Would, when I left sweet France, and was embark'd,
That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape, or that * the marriage day,
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,
Or with those arms that twin'd about my neck
I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see
The king, my lord, thus to abandon me.
Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;
For never doated Jove on Ganymede
So much as he on cursed Gaveston:
And so am I for ever miserable.

* *That the marriage-day*—The expression is eliptical—it means upon the marriage-day.

Enter the Nobles to the QUEEN.

Lan. Look where the sister of the king of France
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!
War. The king, I fear, hath ill-treated her.
Pem. Hard is the heart that injures such a saint.
Y. Mor. I know 'tis long of Gaveston she weeps.
O. Mor. Why, he is gone.
Y. Mor. Madam, how fares your grace?
Queen. Ah, Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loves me not.
Y. Mor. Cry quittance, madam, then, and love not him.
Queen. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths:
And yet I love in vain—he'll ne'er love me.
Lan. Fear ye not, madam; now his minion's gone,
His wanton humour will be quickly left.
Queen. Oh never, Lancaster! I am enjoin'd
To sue unto you all for his repeal;
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banish'd from his highness' presence.
Lan. For his repeal, madam! he comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwreck'd body.
War. And to behold so sweet a sight as that,
There's none here but would run his horse to death.
Y. Mor. But, madam, would you have us call him home?
Queen. Ay, Mortimer, for till he be restor'd,
The angry king hath banish'd me the court;
And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tender'st me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.
Y. Mor. What! would you have me plead for Gaveston?
O. Mor. Plead for him that will, I am resolv'd.
Lan. And so am I, my lord, dissuade the queen.
Queen. O Lancaster! let him dissuade the king,
For 'tis against my will he should return.

War. Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.
Queen. 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.
Pem. No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease.
Y. Mor. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;
I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,
That now, I hope, floats on the Irish seas.
Queen. Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me awhile,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight,
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.
Y. Mor. It is impossible; but speak your mind.
Queen. Then thus, but none shall hear it but ourselves.
Lan. My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer,
Will you be resolute, and hold with me?
O. Mor. Not I, against my nephew.
Pem. Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.
War. No, do but mark how earnestly she pleads.
Lan. And see how coldly his looks make denial.
War. She smiles, now for my life his mind is chang'd.
Lan. I'll rather lose his friendship, I, than grant.
Y. Mor. Well, of necessity it must be so.—
My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston
I hope your honours make no question,
And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail:
Nay, for the realms behoof, and for the king's.
Lan. Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself!
Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?
And is this true, to call him home again?
Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.
Y. Mor. My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect*.
Lan. In no respect can contraries be true.
Queen. Yet, good my lord, hear what he can alledge.
War. All that he speaks is nothing, we are resolved.

* *Mark the respect*—i.e. the reason, consideration. X.

Y. Mor. Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?
Pem. I would he were.
Y. Mor. Why, then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.
O. Mor. But, nephew, do not play the sophister.
Y. Mor. This which I urge is of a burning zeal
To mend the king, and do our country good.
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,
Which may, in Ireland, purchase him such friends,
As he will front the mightiest of us all?
And whereas he shall live and be belov'd,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.
War. Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster.
Y. Mor. But were he here, detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be suborn'd,
To greet his lordship with a poignard,
And none so much as blame the murderer;
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name,
For purging of the realm of such a plague?
Pem. He saith true.
Lan. Ay, but how chance this was not done before?
Y. Mor. Because, my lords, it was not thought upon:
Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home;
'Twill make him vail the top-flag of his pride,
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.
O. Mor. But how if he do not, nephew?
Y. Mor. Then may we with some colour rise in arms:
For howsoever we have borne it out,
'Tis treason to be up against the king,
So we shall have the people on our side,
Which for his father's sake lean to the king;
But cannot brook a night-grown mushroom,
Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is,
Should bear us down of the nobility:
And when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston;

We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.
My lords, if to perform this I be slack,
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.
Lan. On that condition, Lancaster will grant.
War. And so will Pembroke and I.
O. Mor. And I.
Y. Mor. In this I count me highly gratified,
And Mortimer will rest at your command.
Queen. And when this favour Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn.
But see, in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the earl of Cornwall on his way,
Is new return'd; this news will glad him much;
Yet not so much as me; I love him more
Than he can Gaveston; would he lov'd me
But half so much, then were I treble-bless'd.

Enter KING EDWARD, *mourning.*

Edw. He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn.
Did never sorrow go so near my heart,
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston;
And could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gain'd, having bought so dear a friend.
Queen. Hark! how he harps upon his minion.
Edw. My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantick for my Gaveston:
Ah! had some bloodless fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveston.
Lan. Diablo, what passions call you these?
Queen. My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.
Edw. That you have parly'd with your Mortimer?
Queen. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repeal'd.
Edw. Repeal'd! the news is too sweet to be true!
Queen. But will you love me, if you find it so?
Edw. If it be so, what will not Edward do?

Queen. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.
Edw. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Gaveston,
I'll hang a golden tongue about *thy* * neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.
Queen. No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord, nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from this rich treasure—
O how a kiss revives poor Isabel.
Edw. Once more receive my hand, and let this be
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.
Queen. And may it prove more happy than the first!
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.
Edw. Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king;
And as gross vapours perish by the sun,
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile.
Live thou with me as my companion.
Lan. This salutation overjoys my heart.
Edw. Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court
Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.
War. Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.
Edw. In solemn triumphs, and in publick shows,
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.
Pem. And with this sword Pembroke will fight for you.
Edw. But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or if that lofty office like thee not,
I make thee here lord marshal of the realm.
Y. Mor. My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.
Edw. And as for you, lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whose great atchievements in our foreign war
Deserve no common place, nor mean reward:
Be you the general of the levied troops,
That now are ready to assail the Scots.

* *Thy* neck.—The old copy reads *my*.

O. Mor. In this your grace hath highly honour'd me,
For with my nature war doth best agree.
Queen. Now is the king of England rich and strong,
Having the love of his renowned peers.
Edw. Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.
Clerk of the crown direct our warrant forth,
For Gaveston to Ireland: Beamont, fly,
As fast fast as Iris, or Jove's Mercury.
Bea. It shall be done, my gracious lord.
Edw. Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.
Now let us in, and feast it royally.
Against our friend the earl of Cornwal comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemniz'd.
For wot* you not that I have made him sure
Unto our cousin, the earl of Glouster's heir?
Lan. Such news we hear, my lord.
Edw. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost; we will requite your love.
War. In this, or aught your highness shall command us.
Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick: come let's in and revel. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Mortimers.

O. Mor. Nephew, I must to Scotland, thou stay'st here.
Leave now to oppose thyself against the king,
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And seeing his mind so doats on Gaveston,
Let him without controulment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions:
Great Alexander lov'd Hephestion;

* For *wot* you not.—The old edition reads *wrote* you not. X.

† *Leave* now to oppose.—i. e. *cease.*

"You must *leave* to live in your chamber then a month together upon Amadis de Gaul." *Silent Woman, a.* 4. *s.* 1.

"The youth practised on him one night like a bellman, and never *left* 'till he had brought him down to the door with a long sword."
Ditto. a. 1. *s.* 1.

The conquering Hercules* did for Hilas weep;
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd.
And not kings only, but the wisest men:
The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius;
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain, light-headed earl,
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

Y. Mor. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me;
But this I scorn, that one so basely born,
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot with the treasure of the realm.
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And Midas like, he jets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions † at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd.
I have not seen a dapper jack so brisk;
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and in his Tuscan cap
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others walk below, the king and he,
From out a window, laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire:
Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

O. Mor. But, nephew, now you see the king is chang'd.

R. Mor. Then so am I, and live to do him service;
But whilst I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.
You know my mind, come, uncle, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

* *Hercules*—the old copy reads *Hector*.

† *Cullions—abject wretches*—a term borrowed from the Italian: the explanation belongs to Mr. Gifford. The word, however, is frequent in our old Dramatists: one example will be sufficient:—

——— "Long live Severino,
And perish all such *cullions* as repine
At his new monarchy."

Massinger's Guardian, a. 2. s. 3. X.

Enter SPENCER *and* BALDOCK.

Bald. Spencer, seeing that our lord the earl of Gloster's dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?
Spen. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side;
Because the king and he are enemies.
Baldock, learn this of me—a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;
But he that hath the favour of a king,
May with one word advance us while we live:
The liberal earl of Cornwall is the man
On whose good fortune Spencer's hope depends.
Bald. What, mean you then to be his follower?
Spen. No, his companion—for he loves me well,
And would have once preferr'd me to the king.
Bald. But he is banished—there's small hope of him.
Spen. Ay, for a while; but, Baldock, mark the end.
A friend of mine told me in secresy,
That he's repeal'd, and sent for back again;
And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king,
And as she read she smil'd, which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.
Bald. 'Tis like enough; for since he was exil'd,
She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off,
And that his banishment had chang'd her mind.
Spen. Our lady's first love is not wavering,
My life for thine, she will have Gaveston.
Bald. Then hope I by her means to be preferr'd,
Having read unto her since she was a child.
Spen. Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,
And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet cap'd cloak, fac'd before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,

Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
Or making low legs * to a nobleman,
Or looking downward, with your eye-lids close,
And saying, truly an't may please your honour,
Can get you any favour with great men:
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then stab, as occasion serves.

Bald. Spencer, thou know'st I hate such formal toys,
And use them but of mere hypocrisy.
Mine old lord while he liv'd was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pins' heads, blame me for the bigness;
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Tho' inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kind of villany.
I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod.*

Spen. But one of those that saith, *quandoquidem,*
And hath a special gift to form a verb.

Bald. Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes.

Enter the Lady.

Lady. The grief for his exile was not so much,
As is the joy of his returning home.
This letter came from my sweet Gaveston,
What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?
I know thou couldst not come and visit me, (*Reads*)
I will not long be from thee, tho' I die.
This argues the entire love of my lord,
When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart: (*Reads*)
But stay thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.
Now to the letter of my lord the king.
He wills me to repair unto the court,

* *Low legs*—low bows. "Janus (that beares two faces under one hood) made a very mannerly lowe legge—

"He calls forth one by one, to note their graces,
Whilst they make legs, he copies out their faces."

Deckar's Wonderful Yeare 1603.

And meet my Gaveston: why do I stay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?
Who's there, Baldock?
See that my coach be ready, I must hence.
Bald. It shall be done, madam. [*Exit.*
Lady. And meet me at the park-pale presently.
Spencer, stay you and bear me company,
For I have joyful news to tell thee of;
My lord of Cornwall is a coming over,
And will be at the court as soon as we.
Spen. I knew the king would have him home again.
Lady. If all things sort out,* as I hope they will,
Thy service, Spencer, shall be thought upon.
Spen. I humbly thank your ladyship.
Lady. Come lead the way, I long till I am there.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter EDWARD, QUEEN, LANCASTER, MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, KENT, *attendants.*

Edw. The wind is good, I wonder why he stays;
I fear me he is wreck'd upon the sea.
Queen. Look, Lancaster, how passionate† he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion!
Lan. My lord.
Edw. How now, what news? is Gaveston arriv'd?
Y. Mor. Nothing but Gaveston! what means your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon;
The king of France sets foot in Normandy.

* *Sort out*—i. e. *happen*—thus Massinger, "all *sorts* to my wishes."—*Maid of Honour*, *a.* 1. *s.* 1. X.

† *How passionate he is*—Passion, passionate and passionately, are constantly used by the old Dramatists for *extreme of sorrow*, *sorrowful*, and *sorrowfully*.

"Being besieg'd by *passion*, entering lists
To combat with despair and mighty *grief*."
Antonio and Melinda.

"———————————— as far
As their divinity can partake of *passion*,
With me they *weep*.—*Maid of Honour*, *a.* 5. *s.* 1. X.

Edw. A trifle, we'll expel him when we please.
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device,
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

Y. Mor. A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.

Edw. Pray thee let me know it.

Y. Mor. But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets unto the highest bough of all:
The motto, *Æque tandem.*

Edw. And what is your's, my lord of Lancaster?

Lan. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.
Pliny reports, there is a flying fish*
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore being pursued, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it: this fish, my lord, I bear,
The motto this: *Undique mors est.*

Edw. Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconcilement bears?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds?
What call you this but private libelling
Against the earl of Cornwall and my brother?

Queen. Sweet husband, be content, they all love you.

Edw. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.
I am that cedar, shake me not too much;
And you the eagles, soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the gresses † that will pull you down,
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry

* *A flying fish*—The Exocœtus. See Plinii. Nat. Hist. lib. ix. 19.

† *Gresses*—or jesses; short straps of leather which are fastened to the hawk's legs.

Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.
Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
And threatenest death whether he rise or fall;
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.

Y. Mor. If in his absence thus he favours him,
What will he do whenas* he shall be present?

Lan. That shall we see: look where his lordship comes.

Enter GAVESTON.

Edw. My Gaveston! welcome to Tinmouth! welcome to thy friend!
Thy absence made me droop, and pine away;
For as the lovers of fair Danae,
When she was lock'd up in a brazen tower,
Desir'd her more, and waxt outrageous,
So did it fare with me: and now thy sight
Is sweeter far, than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

Gav. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth† mine,
Yet have I words to express my joy:
The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage,
Frolicks not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your majesty.

Edw. Will none of you salute my Gaveston?

Lan. Salute him? yes, welcome, lord chamberlain.

Y. Mor. Welcome is the good earl of Cornwall.

War. Welcome, lord governor of the Isle of Man.

Pem. Welcome, master secretary.

Kent. Brother, do you hear them?

Edw. Still will these earls and barons use me thus?

* See note, page 67.

† *Your speech preventeth mine*—i. e. anticipates.

"Our suffrage rather shall *prevent than stay*
Behind their wills."—*Sejanus, a. 1. s. 2.*

"She slept not the last night; and yet *prevented*
The rising sun in *being up before him.*
Renegado, a. 2. s. 1.

Gav. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.
Queen. Ah me! poor soul, when these begin to jar.
Edw. Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.
Gav. Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef;
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low
As to bestow a look on such as you.
Lan. Yet I disdain not to do this for you.
(*Draws, and offers to stab him, Pem. prevents him.*)
Edw. Treason, treason: where's the traitor?
Pem. Here, here, king: convey hence Gaveston,
they'll murder him.
Gav. The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.
Y. Mor. Villain, thy life, unless I miss mine aim.
Queen. Ah furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?
Y. Mor. No more than I would answer, were he slain.
Edw. Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he
live;
Dear shall you both abide this riotous deed.
Out of my presence; come not near the court.
Y. Mor. I'll not be barr'd the court for Gaveston.
Lan. We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.
Edw. Look to your own heads, his is sure enough.
War. Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.
Kent. Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.
Edw. Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus;
But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.
Come, Edmund, let's away and levy men,
'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride.
[*Exeunt the King and Kent.*
War. Let's to our castles, for the king is mov'd.
Y. Mor. Mov'd may he be, and perish in his wrath!
Lan. Cousin, it is no dealing with him now,
He means to make us stoop by force of arms;
And therefore let us jointly here protest
To prosecute that Gaveston to the death.
Y. Mor. By heav'n, the abject villain shall not live.
War. I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.

Pem. The like oath Pembroke takes.
Lan. And so doth Lancaster:
Now send our heralds to defie the king;
And make the people swear to put him down.

Enter Messenger.

Y. Mor. Letters! from whence?
Mes. From Scotland, my lord.
Lan. Why, how now, cousin, how fares all our friends?
Y. Mor. My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.
Lan. We'll have him ransom'd, man, be of good cheer.
Y. Mor. They rate his ransom at five thousand pounds.
Who should defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?
I'll to the king.
Lan. Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.
War. Mean time, my lord of Pembroke and myself,
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.
Y. Mor. About it then, and we will follow you.
Lan. Be resolute and full of secrecy.
War. I warrant you.
Y. Mor. Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto his king.
Lan. Content, I'll bear my part—Holloa, who's there? (*Guard appears.*)
Y. Mor. Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well.
Lan. Lead on the way.
Guard. Whither will your lordship?
Y. Mor. Whither else but to the king.
Guard. His highness is dispos'd to be alone.
Lan. Why, so he may, but we will speak to him.
Guard. You may not in, my lord.
Y. Mor. May we not?

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. How now, what noise is this?
Who have we there, is't you?
Y. Mor. Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you news;
Mine uncle is taken prisoner by the Scots.
Edw. Then ransom him.
Lan. 'Twas in your wars, you should ransom him.
Y. Mor. And you shall ransom him, or else—
Kent. What, Mortimer, you will not threaten him?
Edw. Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,
To gather for him throughout the realm.
Lan. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.
Y. Mor. My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not so poor, but would they sell their land,
Could levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.
Edw. Shall I still be taunted thus?
Y. Mor. Nay, now you're here alone, I'll speak my mind.
Lan. And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.
Y. Mor. The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak;
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.
Lan. Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild Oneyle, with swarms of Irish kerns*,

* *Irish kerns*—This phrase hardly wants a glossary, but perhaps it is better to explain too much than too little. Kerns are light-armed soldiers.

"The merciless Macdonwald from the Western Isles,
Of *kerns* and gallowglasses is supplied."
Macbeth, a. 1. *s.* 2.

"I cannot strike at wretched *kerns*, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves. *Ibid. a.* 5. *s.* 7.

Lives uncontroull'd within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted draw away rich spoils.
Y. Mor. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigg'd.
Lan. What foreign prince sends thee embassadors?
Y. Mor. Who loves thee? but a sort of flatterers.
Lan. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valoys,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.
Y. Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That makes a king seem glorious to the world;
I mean the peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love:
Libels are cast against thee in the street:
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.
Lan. The Northern borderers seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.
Y. Mor. When wert thou in the field with banner spread?
But once: and then thy soldiers march'd like players,
With garish robes, not armour; and thyself,
Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down.
Lan. And thereof came it, that the fleering Scots,
To England's high disgrace, have made this ligge*;
Maids of England, sore may you mourn,
For your lemons you have lost at Bannocksbourn,
With a heave and a ho.
What weened the king of England,
So soon to have won Scotland,
With a rombelow?
Y. Mor. Wigmore shall fly, to set my uncle free.
Lan. And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.

* *This ligge*—i. e. lay.

If you be mov'd, revenge it if you can;
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.
[*Exeunt Nobles.*

Edw. My swelling heart with very anger breaks!
How oft have I been baited by these peers?
And dare not be reveng'd, for their pow'r is great.
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,
And let their live's blood slake thy fury's hunger.
If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.

Kent. My lord, I see your love for Gaveston
Will be the ruin of the realm and you;
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars,
And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.

Edw. Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?

Kent. Ay, and it grieves me that I favoured him.

Edw. Traitor, be gone! whine thou with Mortimer.

Kent. So will I, rather than with Gaveston.

Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more.

Kent. No marvel that thou scorn thy noble peers,
When I thy brother am rejected thus. [*Exit.*

Edw. Away! poor Gaveston, that has no friend but me;
Do what they can, we'll live in Tinmouth here,
And so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the earls begirt us round?—
Here cometh she that's cause of all these jars.

Enter the QUEEN, LADY, GAVESTON, BALDOCK, *and* SPENCER.

Queen. My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.

Edw. Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favour them*.

Queen. Thus do you still suspect me without cause?

Lad. Sweet uncle, speak more kindly to the queen.

Gav. My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.

* The old edition reads *him*.

Edw. Pardon me, sweet, I forgot myself.
Queen. Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel.
Edw. The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.
Gav. Why do you not commit him to the tower?
Edw. I dare not, for the people love him well.
Gav. Why then we'll have him privily made away.
Edw. Would Lancaster and he had both carous'd
A bowl of poison to each other's health:
But let them go, and tell me what are these.
Lad. Two of my father's servants whilst he liv'd,
May't please your grace to entertain them now.
Edw. Tell me, where wast thou born?
What is thine arms?
Bald. My name is Baldock, and my gentry
I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry.
Edw. The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.
Bald. I humbly thank your majesty.
Edw. Knowest thou him, Gaveston?
Gav. Ay, my lord; his name is Spenser, he is well allied;
For my sake, let him wait upon your grace;
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.
Edw. Then, Spencer, wait upon me, for his sake;
I'll grace thee with a higher stile e'er long.
Spen. No greater titles happen unto me,
Than to be favoured of your majesty.
Edw. Cousin, this day shall be your marriage feast,
And Gaveston, think that I love thee well,
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir
Unto the earl of Gloster late deceas'd.
Gav. I know, my lord, many will stomach me,
But I respect neither their love nor hate.
Edw. The headstrong barons shall not limit me;
He that I list to favour shall be great.
Come, let's away, and when the marriage ends,
Have at the rebels, and their complices.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter LANCASTER, MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, KENT.

Kent. My lords, of love to this our native land,
I come to join with you and leave the king;
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof,
Will be the first that shall adventure life.

Lan. I fear me, you are sent of policy,
To undermine us with a shew of love.

War. He is your brother, therefore have we cause
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

Kent. Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth:
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords.

Y. Mor. Stay, Edmund; never was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

Pem. But what's the reason you should leave him now?

Kent. I have inform'd the earl of Lancaster.

Lan. And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,
That Gaveston is secretly arriv'd,
And here in Tinmouth frolicks with the king.
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
And suddenly surprize them unawares.

Y. Mor. I'll give the onset.

War. And I'll follow thee.

Y. Mor. This tottered ensign of my ancestors,
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea,
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,
Will I advance upon this castle's walls.
Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston.

Lan. None be so hardy as to touch the king,
But neither spare you Gaveston nor his friends.

[*Alarums.—Exeunt.*

Enter KING *and* SPENCER, *to them* GAVESTON, &c.

Edw. O tell me, Spencer, where is Gaveston?

Spen. I fear me he is slain, my gracious lord.
Edw. No, here he comes; now let them spoil and kill.
Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have got the hold,
Take shipping and away to Scarborough,
Spencer and I will post away by land.
Gav. O stay, my lord, they will not injure you.
Edw. I will not trust them, Gaveston, away.
Gav. Farewell, my lord.
Edw. Lady, farewell.
Lady. Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again.
Edw. Farewell, sweet Gaveston, and farewell, niece.
Queen. No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen?
Edw. Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's sake.

[*Exeunt all but Isabel.*

Queen. Heaven can witness, I love none but you,
From my embracements thus he breaks away:
O that mine arms could close this isle about,
That I might pull him to me where I would;
Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine eyes,
Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That when I had him we might never part.

Enter the Barons. Alarums.

Lan. I wonder how he 'scap'd!
Y. Mor. Who's this, the Queen?
Queen. Ay, Mortimer, the miserable Queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted:
These hands are tir'd with haling of my lord
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,
And all in vain; for when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.
Y. Mor. Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king?
Queen. What would you with the king, is't him you seek?
Lan. No, madam, but that cursed Gaveston.
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster

To offer violence to his sovereign:
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston:
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

Queen. He's gone by water unto Scarborough;
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot 'scape;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.

War. Forslow * no time, sweet Lancaster, let's march.

Y. Mor. How comes it that the king and he are parted?

Queen. That thus your army, going several ways,
Might be of lesser force: and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppress'd; therefore be gone.

Y. Mor. Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy;
Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.

Lan. The wind that bears him hence will fill our sails:
Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hour's sailing.

Y. Mor. Madam, stay you within this castle here.

Queen. No, Mortimer, I'll to my lord the king.

Y. Mor. Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

Queen. You know the king is so suspicious,
As if he hear I have but talkt with you,
Mine honour will be call'd in question;
And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.

Y. Mor. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

Queen. So well hast thou deserv'd, sweet Mortimer,
As Isabel could live with thee for ever.
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fix'd on none but Gaveston:
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer,
If he be strange and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,

* *Forslow no time*—Lose no time.

"Now, therefore, if you can think upon any present means for his delivery, do not *foreslow* it."

Every Man out of his humour, a. 1. *s.* 1.

And to the king my brother there complain
How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love:
But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessed day be slain. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GAVESTON, *pursued.*

Gav. Yet, lusty lords, I have escap'd your hands,
Your threats, your alarms, and your hot pursuits;
And though divorced from King Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurpriz'd,
Breathing, in hope (malgrado * all your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To see his royal sovereign once again.

Enter the Nobles.

War. Upon him, soldiers, take away his weapons.
Y. Mor. Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield; and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.
Lan. Monster of men, that like the Greekish strumpet
Train'd to arms and bloody wars
So many valiant knights,
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death;
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.
War. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave?
Go, soldiers, take him hence,
For, by my sword, his head shall off:
Gaveston, short warning shall serve thy turn.
It is our country's cause
That here severely we will execute
Upon thy person: hang him at a bough.
Gav. My lords!

* *Malgrado*, Ital.—*maugre*, in despite.

War. Soldiers, have him away;
But for thou wert the favourite of a king,
Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands.
Gav. I thank you all, my lords: then I perceive
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter EARL OF ARUNDEL.

Lan. How now, my lord of Arundel?
Arun. My lords, king Edward greets you all by me.
War. Arundel, say your message.
Arun. His majesty, hearing that you had taken Gaveston,
Intreateth you by me, but that he may
See him before he dies; for why he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall;
And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.
War. How now?
Gav. Renowned Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston!
War. No, it needeth not;
Arundel, we will gratify the king
In other matters, he must pardon us in this.
Soldiers, away with him.
Gav. Why, my lord of Warwick,
Will these delays beget me any hopes?
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at,
Yet grant king Edward this.
Y. Mor. Shalt thou appoint what we shall grant?
Soldiers, away with him!
Thus we'll gratify the king:
We'll send his head by thee; let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.
Lan. Not so, my lord, lest he bestow more cost
In burying him, than he hath ever earn'd.
Arun. My lords, it is his majesty's request;
And on the honour of a king he swears

He will but talk with him, and send him back.
War. When, can you tell? Arundel, no; we wot,
He that the care of his realm remits,
And drives his nobles to these exigents *
For Gaveston, will, if he seize him once,
Violate any promise to possess him.
Arun. Then if you will not trust his grace in keep,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.
Y. Mor. It is honourable in thee to offer this;
But for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so,
To make away a true man for a thief.
Gav. How meanest thou, Mortimer? this is over-base.
Y. Mor. Away, base groom, robber of king's renown,
Question with thy companions and thy mates.
Pem. My lord Mortimer, and you, my lords, each one,
To gratify the king's request therein,
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will upon mine honour undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again;
Provided this, that you my lord of Arundel
Will join with me.
War. Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloodshed: it is not enough
That we have taken him, but must we now
Leave him on had I wist, and let him go?
Pem. My lords, I will not over-woo your honours;
But if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,
Upon my oath, I will return him back.
Arun. My lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?
Lan. Why I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.
Pem. And you, lord Mortimer?
Y. Mor. How say you, my lord of Warwick?

* *Exigents*—i. e. exigencies. Thus too Shakspeare—
"*Ant.* Why do you cross me in these *exigents*."
Julius Cæsar, a. 5. s. 1.

War. Nay, do your pleasures,
I know how 'twill prove.
Pem. Then give him me.
Gav. Sweet sovereign, yet I come
To see thee ere I die.
War. Not yet perhaps,
If Warwick's wit and policy prevail.
Y. Mor. My lord of Pembroke, we deliver him to you;
Return him on your honour. Sound—away. [*Exeunt.*

Manent PEMBROKE, MATREVIS, GAVESTON, *and Pembroke's Men.*

Pem. My lord, you shall go with me,
My house is not far hence, out of the way
A little; but our men shall go along.
We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
Sir, must not come so near to baulk their lips.
Mat. 'Tis very kindly spoke, my lord of Pembroke;
Your honour hath an adamant of power
To draw a prince.
Pem. So, my lord. Come hither, James:
I do commit this Gaveston to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge; be gone.
Gav. Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou now?
[*Exit cum serv. Pem.*
Horse-boy. My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter GAVESTON *mourning, and the Earl of Pembroke's Men.*

Gav. Oh treacherous Warwick, thus to wrong thy friend!
James. I see it is your life these arms pursue.
Gav. Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?
Oh must this day be period of my life,

Centre of all my bliss? And ye be men,
Speed to the king.

Enter WARWICK *and his company.*

War. My lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no more—I will have that Gaveston.
James. Your lordship doth dishonour to yourself,
And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.
War. No, James, it is my country's cause I follow.
Go, take the villain; soldiers, come away,
We'll make quick work. Commend me to your master,
My friend, and tell him that I watch'd it well.
Come, let thy shadow parley with king Edward.
Gav. Treacherous earl, shall I not see the king?
War. The king of heaven perhaps, no other king.
Away! [*Exeunt Warwick and his men with Gaves.*

Manent JAMES, *cum cæteris.*

James. Come, fellows, it booteth not for us to strive,
We will in haste go certify our lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD *and* SPENCER, *with drums and fifes.*

Edw. I long to hear an answer from the barons,
Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
Ah, Spencer, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him! ah, he is mark'd to die!
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer;
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable, and I shall never see
My lovely Pierce of Gaveston again!
The barons overbear me with their pride.
Spen. Were I king Edward, England's sovereign,
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longshank's issue, would I bear
These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontroll'd
These barons thus to beard me in my land,

In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech,
Did you retain your father's magnanimity,
Did you regard the honour of your name,
You would not suffer thus your majesty
Be counterbuft of your nobility.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles;
No doubt, such lessons they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.

Edw. Yea, gentle Spencer, we have been too mild,
Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword,
And if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it on their crest, and poll their tops.

Bald. This high resolve becomes your majesty
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highness were a school-boy still,
And must be aw'd and govern'd like a child.

Enter HUGH SPENCER, *an old man, father to the young Spencer, with his truncheon and Soldiers.*

O. Spen. Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward,—
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!

Edw. Welcome, old man; com'st thou in Edward's aid?
Then tell the prince of whence, and what thou art.

O. Spen. Lo, with a band of bow-men and of pikes,
Brown bills * and targiteers, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend king Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there,
Bound to your highness everlastingly,
For favour done, in him, unto us all.

Edw. Thy father, Spencer?

Y. Spen. True, and it like your grace,
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.

* *Brown bills*—an old weapon used by the English infantry, which gave the most ghastly wounds.

Edw. Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again.
Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spencer, I here create thee earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,
That as the sunshine shall reflect o'er thee.
Besides, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us t'outbid the barons:
And, Spencer, spare them not, lay it on.
Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all.

Spen. My lord, here comes the queen.

Enter the QUEEN *and her son, and* LEVUNE, *a Frenchman.*

Edw. Madam, what news?

Queen. News of dishonour, lord, and discontent.
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That Valois our brother, king of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seized Normandy into his hands.
These be the letters, this the messenger.

Edw. Welcome, Levune. Tush, Sib, if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again.
But to my Gaveston: shall I never see,
Never behold thee more? Madam, in this matter
We will employ you and your little son;
You shall go parley with the king of France.
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.

Prince. Commit not to my youth things of more weight
Than suits a prince so young as I to bear;
And fear not, lord and father, heaven's great beams
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe,
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.

Queen. Ah boy! this towardness makes thy mother fear
Thou art not mark'd to many days on earth.
Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipp'd,
And this our son; Levune shall follow you
With all the haste we can dispatch him hence.
Chuse of our lords to bear you company,
And go in peace, leave us in wars at home.
Queen. Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king;
God end them once. My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.

Enter MATREVIS.

Edw. What, lord Matrevis, dost thou come alone?
Mat. Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.
Edw. Ah traitors! have they put my friend to death?
Tell me, Matrevis, died he e'er thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?
Mat. Neither, my lord; for as he was surpriz'd,
Begirt with weapons and with enemies round,
I did your highness' message to them all;
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honour of my name,
That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.
Edw. And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?
Spen. Proud recreants!
Edw. Yea, Spencer, traitors all.
Mat. I found them at first inexorable;
The earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly, Pembroke and Lancaster
Spake least: and when they flatly had deny'd,
Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
The earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake;
My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe return'd,
I will this undertake to have him hence,
And see him re-deliver'd to your hands.

Edw. Well, and how fortunes that he came not!
Spen. Some treason, or some villany was the cause.
Mat. The earl of Warwick seiz'd him on his way.
For being deliver'd unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home thinking his prisoner safe;
But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bear him to his death; and in a trench
Strùck off his head, and march'd unto the camp.
Spen. A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of arms.
Edw. O shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die!
Spen. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword,
Upon these barons hearten up your men;
Let them not unreveng'd murder your friends!
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting holes.
(*Edward kneels.*)
Edw. By earth, the common mother of us all!
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof!
By this right hand! and by my father's sword!
And all the honours 'longing to my crown!
I will have heads and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers.
Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood;
And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colours may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally
On your accursed traitorous progeny,
You villains, that have slain my Gaveston.
And in this place of honour and of trust,
Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here:
And merely out of our love we do create thee
Earl of Gloster, and lord chamberlain,
Despite of time, despite of enemies.
Spen. My lord here's a messenger from the barons,
Desires access unto your majesty.
Edw. Admit him near.

Enter the Herald from the Barons, with his coat of arms.

Her. Long live king Edward, England's lawful lord.
Edw. So wish not they I wis that sent thee hither.
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his accomplices,
A ranker root of rebels never was.
Well, say thy message.
Her. The barons up in arm, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;
And bid me say, as plainer * to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood,
You will of this have ease and remedy;
That from your princely person you remove
This Spencer, as a putrifying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves
Empale your princely head, your diadem;
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they, and lovingly advise your grace,
To cherish virtue and nobility,
And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate.
Spen. Ah traitors! will they still display their pride
Edw. Away, tarry no answer, but be gone.
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?
Yet ere thou go, see how I do divorce
(*Embraces Spen.*)
Spencer from me—Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murthering Gaveston: hie thee! get thee gone!
Edward, with fire and sword, follows at thy heels.
My lord, perceive you how these rebels swell?
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,
For now, even now, we march to make them stop.
Away. [*Exeunt. Alarums, excursions, a great fight, and a retreat.*

* That is Complainer.

Enter the King, Old Spencer, Young Spencer, and the noblemen of the King's side.

Edw. Why do we sound retreat upon them, lords!
This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are up in arms,
And do confront and countermand their king.

Y. Spen. I doubt it not, my lord, right will prevail.

O. Spen. 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part
To breathe awhile; our men, with sweat and dust
All choak'd well near, begin to faint for heat;
And this retire refresheth horse and man.

Y. Spen. Here come the rebels.

Enter the Barons, MORTIMER, LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *&c.*

O. Mor. Look, Lancaster, yonder's Edward 'mong his flatterers.

Lan. And there let him be till he pay dearly for their company.

War. And shall, or Warwick's sword shall smite in vain.

Edw. What, rebels, do you shrink and sound retreat?

Y. Mor. No, Edward, no, thy flatterers faint and fly.

Lan. Th'ad best betimes forsake thee, and their trains,
For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.

Y. Spen. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster!

Pem. Away, base upstart, brav'st thou nobles thus?

O. Spen. A noble attempt! and honourable deed!
Is it not, trow ye, to assemble aid,
And levy arms against your lawful king?

Edw. For which ere long their heads shall satisfy,
To appease the wrath of their offended king.

Y. Mor. Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood,
Than banish that pernicious company?

Edw. Ay, traitors all, rather than thus be brav'd,
Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones,
And ploughs to go about our palace gates.

War. A desperate and unnatural resolution!
Alarum to the fight, St. George for England,
And the barons' right.

Edw. St. George for England, and king Edward's right. (*Alarums.*) [*Exeunt.*

Enter EDWARD, *with the* BARONS, *captives.*

Edw. Now, lusty lords, not by the chance of war,
But justice of the quarrel and the cause,
Vail'd is your pride; methinks you hang the heads,
But we'll advance them, traitors; now 'tis time
To be aveng'd on you for all your braves,
And for the murder of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favourite.
Ah rebels! recreants! you made him away.

Kent. Brother, in regard of thee, and of thy land,
Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.

Edw. So, sir, you have spoke; away, avoid our presence!
Accurs'd wretches, was't in regard of us,
When we had sent our messengers to request
He might be spar'd to come to speak with us,
And Pembroke undertook for his return;
That thou, proud Warwick, watch'd the prisoner,
Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainst law of arms;
For which thy head shall overlook the rest,
As much as thou outwent'st the rest.

War. Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces,
It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.

Lan. The worst is death, and better die to live,
Than live in infamy under such a king.

Edw. Away with them, my lord of Winchester;
These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly—off with both their heads, away!

War. Farewell, vain world!

Lan. Sweet Mortimer, farewell

Y. Mor. England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maim'd!
Edw. Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower;
There see him safe bestow'd; and for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all. Begone.
Y. Mor. What, Mortimer! can ragged stony walls
Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?
No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be;
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.
Edw. Sound drums and trumpets, march with me my friends,
Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew. [*Exeunt.*

Manent, SPENCER FILIUS, LEWEN, *and* BALDOCK.

Spen. Lewen, the trust that we repose in thee
Begets the quiet of king Edward's land.
Therefore begone in haste, and with advice
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suffer'd Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danaë, all aid may be denied
To Isabel, the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
And step into his father's regiment.
Lewen. That's it these barons and the subtle queen
Long levied at.
Bal. Yea, but, Lewen, thou seest,
These barons lay their heads on blocks together;
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.
Lewen. Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll creep close *
Among the lords of France with England's gold,

**I'll creep close*—The old edition reads *I'll claps close*; this is evidently corrupt, and the alteration in the text is offered as making the passage intelligible, though it is more than probable that it is not the right reading: conjectural emendation, after all, is dangerous work.

That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

Spen. Then make for France, amain—Lewen, away.
Proclaim king Edward's wars and victories.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter KENT.

Kent. Fair blows the wind for France, blow, gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arriv'd for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this:
A brother, no, a butcher of thy friends.
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?
But I'll to France, and cheer the wronged queen,
And certify what Edward's looseness is.
Unnatural king! to slaughter noble men,
And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay
Thy sweet escape; stand gracious, gloomy night, to his device.

Enter YOUNG MORTIMER *disguised.*

Y. Mor. Holloa, who walketh there? is't you, my lord?

Kent. Mortimer, 'tis I; but hath thy potion wrought so happily?

Y. Mor. It hath, my lord; the warders all asleep,
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?

Kent. Fear it not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the QUEEN *and her* SON.

Queen. Ah boy! our friends do fail us all in France;
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind;
What shall we do?

Prince. Madam, return to England,
And please my father well, and then a fig

For all my uncle's friendship here in France.
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly,
He loves me better than a thousand Spencers.

Queen. Ah boy, thou art deceiv'd, at least in this,
To think that we can yet be tun'd together;
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois!
Unhappy Isabel, when France rejects,
Whither, oh whither dost thou bend thy steps?

Enter SIR JOHN *of Henolt.*

Sir J. Madam, what cheer?

Queen. Ah good Sir John of Henolt,
Never so cheerless, nor so far distrest.

Sir J. I hear, sweet lady, of the king's unkindness;
But droop not, madam, noble minds contemn
Despair: will your grace with me to Henolt,
And there stay time's advantage with your son?
How say you, my lord, will you go with your friends,
And shake off all our fortunes equally?

Prince. So pleaseth the queen, my mother, me it likes:
The king of England, nor the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff!
And then have at the proudest Spencer's head.

Sir J. Well said, my lord.

Queen. Oh my sweet heart, how do I moan thy wrongs?
Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy.
Ah sweet sir John! even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanaise,
Will we with thee to Henolt—so we will:—
The marquis is a noble gentleman;
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me;
But who are these?

Enter KENT *and* YOUNG MORTIMER.

Kent. Madam, long may you live,
Much happier than your friends in England do.

Queen. Lord Edmund and lord Mortimer alive!
Welcome to France; the news was here, my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.

Y. Mor. Lady, the last was truest of the twain:
But Mortimer, reserv'd for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the tower,
And lives t' advance your standard, good my lord.

Prince. How mean you, and the king, my father, lives?

No, my lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

Queen. Not, son, why not? I would it were no worse.

But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.

Y. Mor. Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of your's,
Told us, at our arrival, all the news;
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath shew'd himself: but, madam, right makes room,
Where weapons wont; and though so many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our party and faction;
Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England,
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there, appointed * for our foes.

Kent. Would all were well, and Edward well reclaim'd,
For England's honour, peace, and quietness.

Y. Mor. But, by the sword, my lord, it must be deserv'd;
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.

Sir J. My lords of England, sith th' ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms
To this distressed queen, his sister here,
Go you with her to Henolt; doubt ye not,
We will find comfort, money, men and friends,
Ere long, to bid the English king abase.
How say you, prince, what think you of the match?

Prince. I think king Edward will outrun us all.

Queen. Nay, son, not so; and you must not discourage

* *Appointed*—i.e. prepared.

Your friends, that are so forward in your aid.
Kent. Sir John of Henolt, pardon us, I pray;
These comforts that you give our woeful queen,
Bind us in kindness all at your command.
Queen. Yea, gentle brother; and the God of heav'n
Prosper your happy motion, good sir John.
Y. Mor. This noble gentleman, forward in arms,
Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.
Sir John of Henolt, be it thy renown,
That England's queen, and nobles in distress,
Have been by thee restor'd and comforted.
Sir J. Madam, along, and you, my lord, with me,
That England's peers may Henolt's welcome see.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the KING, ARUNDEL, *the two* SPENCERS, *with others.*

Edw. Thus after many threats of wrathful war,
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends,
And triumph Edward with his friends uncontroul'd.
My lord of Gloster, do you hear the news?
Y. Spen. What news, my lord?
Edw. Why, man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realm; my lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not?
Arun. From the lieutenant of the tower, my lord.
Edw. I pray let us see it. What have we there?
Read it Spencer. (*Spencer reads their names.*)
Why so; they bark'd apace not long ago:
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite.
Now, sirs, the news from France? Gloster, I trow,
The lords of France love England's gold so well,
As Isabel gets no aid from thence.
What now remains; have you proclaim'd, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?
Y. Spen. My lord, we have; and if he be in England,
He will be had ere long, I doubt it not.
Edw. If, dost thou say? Spencer, as true as death,
He is in England's ground; our portmasters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

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Edw. If, dost thou say? Spencer, as true as death,
He is in England's ground; our portmasters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter a Messenger.

How now, what news with thee? from whence comes these?

Mes. Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of France,
To you, my lord of Gloster, from Lewen.

Edw. Read.

(*Spencer reads the letter.*)

My duty to your honour premised &c. I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the king of France his lords, and effected, that the queen, all discontented and discomforted, is gone. Whither, if you ask, with Sir John of Henolt, brother to the marquis, into Flanders: with them are gone lord Edmund, and the lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others; and as constant report goeth, they intend to give king Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for them: this is all the news of import.

Your honour's in all service,

LEWEN.

Edw. Ah villains! hath that Mortimer escap'd?
With him is Edmund gone associate?
And will sir John of Henolt lead the round?
Welcome, a God's name, madam, and your son;
England shall welcome you and all your rout.
Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky,
And dusty night, in rusty iron car;
Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desired day,
When we may meet those traitors in the field.
Ah, nothing grieves me, but my little boy
Is thus misled to countenance their ills.
Come, friends, to Bristol, there to make us strong;
And, winds, as equal be to bring them in,
As you injurious were to bear them forth. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the QUEEN, *her* SON, KENT, MORTIMER, *and* SIR JOHN.

Queen. Now lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all; with prosperous winds
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope with friends at home; a heavy case,
When force to force is knit, and sword and glave
In civil broils make kin and countrymen
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gore! But what's the help?
Misgovern'd kings are cause of all this wreck;
And, Edward, thou art one among them all,
Whose looseness hath betray'd thy land to spoil,
And made the channel overflow with blood.
Of thine own people patron shouldst thou be, but thou—

Y. Mor. Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,
Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches.
Lord, sith that we are, by sufferance of heav'n,
Arriv'd, and armed in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him
All homage, fealty, and forwardness;
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen, and land,
We come in arms to wreak* it with the sword.
That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honours: and withal
We may remove those flatterers from the king,
That havock England's wealth and treasury.

Sir J. Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward let us march.
Edward will think we come to flatter him.

Kent. I would he never had been flatter'd more.

[*Exeunt.*

* *Wreak it*—i. e. *revenge.*

Enter EDWARD, BALDOCK, *and* YOUNG SPENCER, *flying about the stage.*

Y. Spen. Fly, fly, my lord, the queen is overstrong;
Her friends do multiply and your's do fail.
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.
Edw. What, was I born to fly and run away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?
Give me my horse, let's reinforce our troops:
And in this bed of honour die with fame.
Bald. O no, my lord this princely resolution
Fits not the time; away, we are pursu'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KENT *alone, with sword and target.*

Kent. This way he fled, but I am come too late;
Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee.
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?
Vile wretch! and why hast thou, of all unkind,
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
To punish this unnatural revolt!
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life:
O fly him then! but Edmund calm this rage,
Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire:
And yet she bears a face of love forsooth!
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away; Bristol to Longshank's blood
Is false; be not found single for suspect:
Proud Mortimer pries near into thy walks. [*Exit.*

Enter the QUEEN, MORTIMER, KENT, *the Young* PRINCE, *and* SIR JOHN *of* HENOLT.

Queen. Successful battle gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right, and fear his wrath.

Since then successfully we have prevail'd,
Thanked be heaven's great architect, and you.
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
We here create our well-beloved son,
Of love and care unto his royal person,
Lord warden of the realm; and sith the fates
Have made his father so unfortunate,
Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

Kent. Madam, without offence, if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?

Prince. Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you mean?

Kent. Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.

Mor. My lord of Kent, what needs these questions?
'Tis not in her controulment, nor in ours',
But as the realm and parliament shall please;
So shall your brother be disposed of.
I like not this relenting mood in Edmund.
(*Aside to the Queen.*)
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.

Queen. My lord, the mayor of Bristol knows our mind.

Y. Mor. Yea, madam, and they 'scape not easily
That fled the field.

Queen. Baldock is with the king:
A goodly chancellor, is he not my lord?

Sir J. So are the Spencers, the father and the son.

Y. Mor. This Edward is the ruin of the realm.*

Enter RICE AP HOWELL, *and the mayor of Bristol, with* OLD SPENCER.

Rice. God save queen Isabel, and her princely son!
Madam, the mayor and citizens of Bristol,
In sign of love and duty to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,
That like the lawless Catiline of Rome,
Revel'd in England's wealth and treasury.

* The old copy gives this speech to Kent.

Queen. We thank you all.
Y. Mor. Your loving care in this
Deserveth princely favours and rewards.
But where's the king and the other Spencer fled?
Rice. Spencer the son, created earl of Gloster,
Is with that smooth-tongu'd scholar Baldock gone,
And shipp'd but late for Ireland with the king.
Y. Mor. Some whirlwind fetch them back or sink them all:
They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.
Prince. Shall I not see the king my father yet?
Kent. Unhappy Edward, chas'd from England's bounds.
Sir J. Madam, what resteth? why stand ye in a muse?
Queen. I rue my lord's ill fortune; but alas!
Care of my country call'd me to this war.
Y. Mor. Madam, have done with care and sad complaint;
Your king hath wrong'd your country and himself,
And we must seek to right it as we may:
Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block.
O. Spen. Rebel is he that fights against the prince;
So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.
Y. Mor. Take him away, he prates; you, Rice ap Howell,
Shall do good service to her majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runagates.
We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice,
How Baldock, Spencer, and their complices,
May in their fall be followed to their end.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the Abbot, Monks, EDWARD, SPENCER, *and* BALDOCK.

Abbot. Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear;
As silent and as careful we will be,

To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from suspect, and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase,
As danger of this stormy time requires.

Edw. Father thy face should harbour no deceit.
O hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart
Pierc'd deeply with a sense of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state.
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilome I was, powerful, and full of pomp:
But what is he whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miserable?
Come Spencer, come Baldock, come sit down by me;
Make trial now of thy philosophy,
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'st from Plato and from Aristotle.
Father, this life contemplative is heaven;
O that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas! are chas'd; and you, my friends,
Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold, nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.

Monk. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we do wot of your abode.

Y. Spen. Not one alive, but shrewdly I suspect
A gloomy fellow in a mead below;
He gave a long look after us, my lord,
And all the land I know is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

Bald. We were embark'd for Ireland, wretched we,
With awkward winds and sore tempest driven
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear
Of Mortimer and his confederates.

Edw. Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer?
That bloody man! Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
O might I never ope these eyes again!
Never again lift up this drooping head!
O never more lift up this dying heart!

Y. Spen. Look up my lord.—Baldock, this drowsiness
Betides no good; even here we are betray'd.

Enter, with Welch hooks, Rice ap Howel, a Mower, and the earl of Leicester.*

Mow. Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.
Rice. Fellow, enough. My lord, I pray be short,
A fair commission warrants what we do.
Leices. The queen's commission, urg'd by Mortimer.
What cannot Mortimer do with the queen!
Alas! see where he sits, and hopes unseen
T'escape their hands that seek to reave his life.
Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.
But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate.
Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,
I do arrest you of high treason here.
Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest,
'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.
My lord why droop you thus?
Edw. O day the last of all my bliss on earth!
Center of all misfortune! O my stars!
Why do you low'r unkindly on a king?
Come, Leicester, then, in Isabel's name,
To take my life, my company from me?
Here man rip up this panting breast of mine,
And take my heart in rescue of my friends.
Rice. Away with them!
Y. Spen. It may become thee yet,
To let us take our farewell of his grace.
Abbot. My heart with pity yearns to see this sight;
A king to bear these words and proud commands.
Edw. Spencer, sweet Spencer, thus then must we part?
Y. Spen. We must, my lord, so will the angry heav'ns.
Edw. Nay so will hell and cruel Mortimer;

* *Welch Hooks.*—Probably a weapon of the same kind with the Lochaber axe, which was used in the late rebellion.

The gentle heav'ns have not to do in this.
Bald. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves;
Our lots are cast, I fear me, so is thine.
Edw. In heav'n we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet:
And Leicester say, what shall become of us?
Leices. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.
Edw. Must! 'tis somewhat hard, when kings must go.
Leices. Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.
Rice. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.
Edw. A litter hast thou? lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore,
For friend hath Edward none, but these, and these
Must die under a tyrant's sword.
Rice. My lord, be going; care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.
Edw. Well, what shall be, shall be: part we must!
Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must!
Hence feigned weeds, unfeigned are my woes;
Father, farewell! Leicester, thou stay'st for me,
And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends.
[*Exeunt Edward and Leicester.*
Y. Spen. O is he gone! is noble Edward gone!
Parted from hence? never to see us more?
Rend sphere of heav'n! and fire, forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! gone is my sovereign,
Gone, gone, alas! never to make return.
Bald. Spencer, I see our souls are fleeting hence,
We are depriv'd the sunshine of our life:
Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes,
And heart and hand to heav'n's immortal throne;
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance;
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,
To die, sweet Spencer, therefore live we all;
Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall.

Rice. Come, come, keep these preachments till you come to the place appointed.
You, and such as you are, have made wise work in England.
Will your lordships away?

Mow. Your lordship I trust will remember me?

Rice. Remember thee, fellow! what else?
Follow me to the town.

Enter the KING, LEICESTER, *Bishops, and Attendant.*

Leices. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not for compulsion or necessity.

Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,
But not of kings. The forest deer being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning, that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to th' air.
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison:
For such outrageous passions claw my soul,
As, with the wings of rancour and disdain,
Full often am I soaring up to high heav'n,
To plain me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of the wrongs,
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king;

I wear the crown but am controul'd by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;
Whilst I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

Bish. Your grace mistakes, it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right, we crave the crown.

Edw. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, incompassed by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heav'n turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire,
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
So shall not England's vine be perished,
But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.

Leices. My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer, will you yield your crown?

Edw. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause,
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
In which extremes my mind here murther'd is.
But what the heav'ns appoint, I must obey!
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too;
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive ~~their~~ last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.
Continue ever thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime:
Stand still you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,

That Edward may be still fair England's king.
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wished crown:
Inhuman creatures! nursed with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow!
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again!
What, fear you not the fury of your king?
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led;
They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments;
And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head,
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

Bish. My lord, the parliament must have present news,
And therefore say, will you resign or no?

(*The king rageth.*)

Edw. I'll not resign! but whilst I live, be king!
Traitors be gone, and join with Mortimer.
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will;
Their blood and yours' shall seal these treacheries!

Bish. This answer we'll return, and so farewell.

Leices. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair;
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

Edw. Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.

Leices. My lord, the king is willing to resign.

Bish. If he be not, let him choose.

Edw. O would I might! but heav'n and earth conspire
To make me miserable! here receive my crown;
Receive it! no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be call'd the murtherer of a king,

Take it. What, are you mov'd? pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes being turn'd to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,
Here, here! Now, sweet God of heav'n,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for ever enthroniz'd in heav'n!
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I live, let me forget myself.

Enter BARTLEY.

Bart. My lord.
Edw. Call me not lord;
Away out of my sight—ah, pardon me,
Grief makes me lunatic!
Let not that Mortimer protect my son;
More safety is there in a tiger's jaws,
Than his embracements—bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dry'd again with sighs;
If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,
Return it back and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I. Yet how have I transgrest,
Unless it be with too much clemency?
Bishop. And thus most humbly do we take our leave. (*Exit Bish. attended.*)
Edw. Farewell; I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be—
To wretched men, death is felicity.
Leices. Another post! what news brings he?
Edw. Such news as I expect—come, Bartley, come,
And tell thy message to my naked breast.
Bart. My lord, think not a thought so villanous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Bartley would die.

Leices. My lord, the counsel of the queen commands
That I resign my charge.

Edw. And who must keep me now? Must you, my lord?

Bart. Aye, my most gracious lord—so 'tis decreed.
(*Showing the order to Edward.*)

Edw. By Mortimer, whose name is written here!
Well may I rend his name that rends my heart;
This poor revenge hath something eas'd my mind.
So may his limbs be torn as is this paper;
Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!

Bart. Your grace must hence with me to Bartley straight.

Edw. Whither you will, all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.

Leices. Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.

Bart. Even so betide my soul as I use him.

Edw. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now remov'd.

Bart. And thinks your grace that Bartley will be cruel?

Edw. I know not; but of this am I assur'd,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.
Leicester, farewell.

Leices. Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your way.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter MORTIMER *and* QUEEN ISABEL.

Y. Mor. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire;
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.
Be rul'd by me, and we will rule the realm:
In any case take heed of childish fear;
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That if he slip will seize upon us both,
And gripe the sorer, being gript himself.

Think therefore, madam, it imports us much
To elect your son with all the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him;
For our behoof 'twill bear the greater sway
Whenas a king's name* shall be under writ.

Queen. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well;
And, therefore, so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I myself will willingly subscribe.

Y. Mor. First would I hear news he were depos'd,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Bishop and Messenger.

Y. Mor. Letters! from whence?
Mess. From Killingworth, my lord.
Queen. How fares my lord the king?
Mess. In health, madam, but full of pensiveness.
Queen. Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his grief!
Thanks, gentle Winchester; sirrah, be gone.

[*Exit Messenger.*

Bish. The king hath willingly resign'd his crown.
Queen. O happy news! send for the prince, my son.
Bish. Further, ere this letter was sealed, lord Bartley came,

* *Whenas a king's name*—i. e. when a king's name. Thus Spenser:—

"But *whenas him*, all in bright armour clad,
Before her standing she espied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakly started."—*Faëry Queene, Book 2. canto 1.*

Again—

"Now had fair Cynthia by even tournes
Full measured three quarters of a year,
And thrice three times had fill'd her crooked hornes,
Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbeare."

Idem. X.

So that he now is gone from Killingworth;
And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot
To set his brother free; no more but so.
The lord of Bartley is as pitiful
As Leicester that had charge of him before.

Queen. Then let some other be his guardian.

Y. Mor. Let me alone, here is the privy seal.
Who's there?—call hither Gurney and Matrevis.
To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,
Bartley shall be discharg'd, the king remov'd,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

Queen. But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
What safety rests for us, or for my son?

Y. Mor. Speak, shall he presently be dispatch'd and die?

Queen. I would he were, so't were not by my means.

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

Y. Mor. Enough; Matrevis, write a letter presently
Unto the lord of Bartley from ourself,
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;
And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.

Mat. It shall be done, my lord.

Y. Mor. Gurney.

Gur. My lord.

Y. Mor. As thou intendest to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes fortune's wheel turn as he please,
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,
And neither give him kind word nor good look.

Gur. I warrant you, my lord.

Y. Mor. And this above the rest, because we hear
That Edmund casts to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Bartley back again:
And by the way, to make him fret the more,
Speak curstly* to him; and in any case

* *Curstly*—i. e. *crossly*. The commentators on Shakspeare are

Let no man comfort him if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.

Mat. Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.

Y. Mor. So, now away; post thitherwards amain.

Queen. Whither goes this letter, to my lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his majesty,
And tell him that I labour all in vain
To ease his grief, and work his liberty;
And bear him this as witness of my love. (*Gives a ring.*)

Mat. I will, madam.

[*Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney. Manent Isabel and Mortimer.*

Enter the YOUNG PRINCE, *and the* EARL OF KENT *talking with him.*

Y. Mor. Finely dissembled! Do so still, sweet queen.
Here comes the young prince, with the earl of Kent.

Queen. Something he whispers in his childish ears.

Y. Mor. If he have such access unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dash'd.

Queen. Use Edmund friendly, as if all were well.

Y. Mor. How fares my honourable lord of Kent?

Kent. In health, sweet Mortimer; how fares your grace?

Queen. Well, if my lord your brother were enlarg'd.

Kent. I hear of late he hath depos'd himself.

Queen. The more my grief.

Y. Mor. And mine.

Kent. Ah, they do dissemble! (*Aside.*)

pleased to interpret "*curst*" as *shrewd, mischievous.* One example from Shakspeare will set all right:—

> "Her only, and that is fault enough,
> Is, that she is intolerably *curst*,
> And shrew'd, and froward."
>
> *Taming of the Shrew, a. 1. s 2.*

i. e. Katherine was cross, shrewish, and froward. X.

Queen. Sweet son, come hither, I must talk with thee.

Y. Mor. You being his uncle, and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector o'er the prince.

Kent. Not I, my lord; who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life, I mean the queen?

Prince. Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown;
Let him be king—I am too young to reign.

Queen. But be content, seeing it is his highness' pleasure.

Prince. Let me but see him first, and then I will.

Kent. Ay, do, sweet nephew.

Queen. Brother, you know it is impossible.

Prince. Why, is he dead?

Queen. No, God forbid!

Kent. I would those words proceeded from your heart.

Y. Mor. Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour him,
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

Kent. The more cause have I now to make amends.

Y. Mor. I tell thee 'tis not meet that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince.
My lord, he hath betray'd the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.

Prince. But he repents, and sorrows for it now.

Queen. Come, son, and go with this gentle lord and me.

Prince. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

Y. Mor. Why, youngling, disdain'st thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away.

Prince. Help, uncle Kent, Mortimer will wrong me.

Queen. Brother Edmund, strive not; we are his friends,
Isabel is nearer than the earl of Kent.

Kent. Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him.

Queen. Edward is my son, and I will keep him.

Kent. Mortimer shall know that he hath wrong'd me!—
Hence will I haste to Killingworth castle,

And rescue aged Edward from his foes,
To be reveng'd on Mortimer and thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY *with the* KING.

Mat. My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends;
Men are ordain'd to live in misery;
Therefore come,—dalliance dangereth our lives.
Edw. Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexed like the nightly bird,
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowls?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,
And give my heart to Isabel and him;
It is the chiefest mark they level at.
Gur. Not so, my liege, the queen hath given this charge—
To keep your grace in safety:
Your passions make your choler to increase.
Edw. This usage makes my misery increase!
But can my air of life continue long,
When all my senses are annoy'd with stench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starv'd for want of sustenance.
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,
That almost rend the closet of my heart;
Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any,
And so must die, though pitied by many.
Oh water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,
And clear my body from foul excrements.
Mat. Here's channel water, as our charge is given;
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.
Edw. Traitors, away; what will you murder me,
Or choak your sovereign with puddle water?
Gur. No, but wash your face, and shave away your beard,
Lest you be known, and so be rescued.
Mat. Why strive you thus? your labour is in vain?

Edw. The wren may strive against the lion's strength,
But all in vain; so vainly do I strive
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.
(*They wash him with puddle water, and shave his beard away.*)
Immortal powers! that know the painful cares
That wait upon my poor distressed soul!
O level all your looks upon these daring men,
That wrong their liege and sovereign, England's king.
O Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wrong'd;
For me, both thou and both the Spencer's died!
And for your sakes, a thousand wrongs I'll take.
The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain,
Wish well to mine; then tush, for them I'll die.

Mat. 'Twixt their's and your's shall be no enmity.
Come, come, away; now put the torches out,
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

Enter KENT.

Gur. How now, who comes here?
Mat. Guard the king sure; it is the earl of Kent.
Edw. O, gentle brother, help to rescue me.
Mat. Keep them asunder; thrust in the king.
Kent. Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.
Gur. Lay hands upon the earl for his assault.
Kent. Lay down your weapons, traitors, yield the king.
Mat. Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.
Kent. Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus!
Gur. Bind him, and so convey him to the court.
Kent. Where is the court but here? here is the king,
And I will visit him; why stay you me?
Mat. The court is where lord Mortimer remains;
Thither shall your honour go; and so farewell.

[*Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney, with the King.*
Manent, Kent, and the Soldiers.

Kent. O miserable is that common weal where lords
Keep courts, and king's are lock'd in prison!
Sol. Wherefore stay we? on, sirs, to the court.
Kent. Ay, lead me whither you will, even to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be releas'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter YOUNG MORTIMER.

Y. Mor. The king must die, or Mortimer goes down:
The commons now begin to pity him.
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.
This letter, written by a friend of our's,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.
Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die.
But read it thus, and that's another sense:
Edwardum occidere nolite timere; bonum est
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst.
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,
That, being dead, if it chance to be found,
Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,
And we be quit that caus'd it to be done.
Within this room is lock'd the messenger
That shall convey it, and perform the rest:
And by a secret token that he bears,
Shall he be murder'd when the deed is done.
Lightborn, come forth; art thou so resolute as thou wast?
Light. What else, my lord? and far more resolute.
Y. Mor. And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?
Light. Ay, ay, and none shall know which way he died.
Y. Mor. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.

Light. Relent! ha, ha, I use much to relent.
Y. Mor. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.
Light. You shall not need to give instructions;
'Tis not the first time I have have kill'd a man.
I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers;
To strangle with a lawn thrust thro' the throat;
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needles point;
Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears;
Or open his mouth, and pour quick silver down;
But yet I have a braver way than these.
Y. Mor. What's that?
Light. Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall know my tricks.
Y. Mor. I care not how it is, so it be not spy'd.
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis;
At every ten mile end thou hast a horse.
Take this, away, and never see me more.
Light. No!
Y. Mor. No, unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.
Light. That will I quickly do; farewell, my lord.
Y. Mor. The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
And with a lowly conge to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I pass:
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will;
Fear'd am I more than lov'd—let me be fear'd;
And when I frown make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.
They thrust upon me the protectorship,
And sue to me for that which I desire.
While at the council-table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful puritan,
First I complain of imbecility,
Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum*;
Till being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam* as they term it;
And to conclude, I am protector now.

Now is all sure, the queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm, the king, and none rule us.
My enemies will I plague, my friends advance ;
And what I list command, who dare controul ?
Major sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere.
And that this be the coronation-day;
It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen.
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

Enter the young KING, BISHOPS, CHAMPION, NOBLES, QUEEN.

Bishop. Long live king Edward, by the grace of God,
King of England, and lord of Ireland.

Cham. If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dare but affirm that Edward's not true king,
And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the champion that will combat him.

Y. Mor. None comes, sound trumpets.

King. Champion, here's to thee.

Queen. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Enter SOLDIERS *with the* EARL *of* KENT, *prisoner.*

Y. Mor. What traitor have we there with blades and bills ?

Sol. Edmund, the earl of Kent.

King. What hath he done ?

Sol. He would have taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingsworth.

Y. Mor. Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund? speak.

Kent. Mortimer, I did; he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.

Y. Mor. Strike off his head, he shall have martial law.

Kent. Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee.

King. My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

Y. Mor. My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

Kent. Stay, villains!
King. Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my lord protector for his life.
Queen. Son, be content; I dare not speak a word.
King. Nor I, and yet methinks I should command;
But seeing I cannot, I'll intreat for him:—
My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.
Y. Mor. 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realm's.
How often shall I bid you bear him hence?
Kent. Art thou king? must I die at thy command?
Y. Mor. At our command! once more, away with him.
Kent. Let me but stay and speak; I will not go.
Either my brother or his son is king,
And neither of them thirst for Edmund's blood;
And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?
(*They hale Kent away, and carry him to be beheaded.*)
King. What safety may I look for at his hands,
If that my uncle shall be murdered thus?
Queen. Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy foes;
Had Edmund liv'd, he would have sought thy death.
Come, son, we'll ride a hunting in the park.
King. And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?
Queen. He is a traitor; think not on him; come.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

Mat. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castles run,
From whence a damp continually ariseth,
That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king, brought up so tenderly.
Gur. And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
I open'd but the door to throw him meat,

And I was almost stifled with the savour.
Mat. He hath a body able to endure
More than we can inflict: and therefore now
Let us assail his mind another while.
Gur. Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.
Mat. But stay, who's this?

Enter LIGHTHORN.

Light. My lord protector greets you.
Gur. What's here? I know not how to construe it.
Mat. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce;*
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
That's his meaning.
Light. Know ye this token? I must have the king.
Mat. Ay, stay awhile, thou shalt have answer straight.
This villain's sent to make away the king.
Gur. I thought as much.
Mat. And when the murder's done,
See how he must be handled for his labour.
Pereat iste: let him have the king.
What else? here is the keys, this is the lake,
Do as you are commanded by my lord.
Light. I know what I must do, get you away.
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help;

* *For the nonce*—This is sometimes written *for the nones*, and it always means *for the once*, for the present purpose, for the immediate subject of question. The progress of the word may be thus traced: *a ones, an anes, for the ones, for the nanes, for the nones, for the nonce.*

"Would you live free from all diseases?
Do the act your mistress pleases.
Yet fright all aches from your bones.
Here's a med'cine for the *nones.*"

Fox, a. 2. s. 1.

"I have cases of buckram for the *nonce*,
To enmask our outward noted garments."

First part of King Henry. a. 4. s. 3.

See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red hot.

Mat. Very well.

Gur. Need you any thing besides?

Light. A table and a feather-bed.

Gur. That's all?

Light. Ay, ay; so, when I call you, bring it in.

Mat. Fear not thou that.

Gur. Here's a light; go into the dungeon.

Light. So now must I about this geer; ne'er was there any
So finely handled as this king shall be.
Foh! here's a place indeed, with all my heart!

Edw. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou? (*Enters.*)

Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were us'd,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?

Edw. Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevi's, hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me, is the sink,
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light. O villains!

Edw. And there, in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
O, would my blood dropt out from every vein,

As doth this water from my tatter'd robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the duke of Cleremont.

Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more stedfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light. These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edw. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought!
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.
Know, that I am a king: Oh! at that name
I feel a hell of grief; where is my crown?
Gone, gone, and do I still remain alive?

Light. You're overwatch'd, my lord; lie down and rest.

Edw. But that thou keep'st me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eye-lids clos'd.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?

Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

Edw. No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay. (*Lies down.*)

Light. He sleeps.
Edw. O let me not die; yet stay, oh stay a while.
Light. How now, my lord?
Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus:
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
Light. To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.
Light. Run for the table.
Edw. O spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.
Light. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest thou bruise his body.
Mat. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.
Light. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?
Gur. Excellent well, take this for thy reward.
[*Gurney stabs Lightborn.*
Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord: away.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter MORTIMER *and* MATREVIS.

Y. Mor. Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?
Mat. Ay, my good lord; I would it were undone.
Y. Mor. Matrevis, if thou now growest penitent,
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore chuse,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.
Mat. Gurney, my lord is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both; therefore let me fly.
Y. Mor. Fly to the savages.
Mat. I humbly thank your honour.
Y. Mor. As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree;

And others are but shrubs compared to me.
All tremble at my name, and I fear none;
Let's see who dare impeach me for his death.

Enter the QUEEN.

Queen. Oh, Mortimer, the king my son hath news
His father's dead, and we have murdered him.
Y. Mor. What if he have? the king is yet a child.
Queen. Ay, but he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,
And vows to be reveng'd upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succour of his peers.
Ah me! see where he comes, and they with him;
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Enter the KING *with the Lords.*

Lords. Fear not, my lord, know that you are a king.
King. Villain!
Y. Mor. How now, my lord?
King. Think not that I am frightened with thy words!
My father's murder'd through thy treachery;
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursed head shall lie,
To witness to the world, that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interr'd.
Queen. Weep not, sweet son!
King. Forbid not me to weep, he was my father;
And had you lov'd him half so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently:
But you, I fear, conspir'd with Mortimer.
Lords. Why speak you not unto my lord the king?
Y. Mor. Because I think scorn to be accus'd.
Who is the man dares say I murder'd him?
King. Traitor! in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murderest him.
Y. Mor. But hath your grace no other proof than this?

King. Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.
Y. Mor. False Gurney hath betray'd me and himself.
Queen. I fear'd as much; murder cannot be hid.
Y. Mor. 'Tis my hand; what gather you by this?
King. That thither thou did'st send a murderer.
Y. Mor. What murderer? Bring forth the man I sent.
King. Ay, Mortimer, thou know'st that he is slain;
And so shalt thou be too. Why stays he here?
Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth,
Hang him I say, and set his quarters up;
But bring his head back presently to me.
Queen. For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer.
Y. Mor. Madam, intreat not, I will rather die,
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.
King. Hence with the traitor! with the murderer!
Y. Mor. Base fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down: that point I touch'd,
And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?
Farewell, fair queen; weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.
King. What! suffer you the traitor to delay?
[*Exit Mortimer guarded.*
Queen. As thou received'st thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer.
King. This argues that you spilt my father's blood,
Else would you not intreat for Mortimer.
Queen. I spill his blood? no.
King. Ay, madam, you; for so the rumour runs.
Queen. That rumour is untrue; for loving thee,
Is this report rais'd on poor Isabel?
King. I do not think her so unnatural.
1*st. Lord*. My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.
King. Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till farther trial may be made thereof;
If you be guilty, tho' I be your son,

Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

Queen. Nay, to my death; for too long have I liv'd,
Whenas my son thinks to abridge my days.

King. Away with her, her words inforce these tears,
And I shall pity her if she speak again.

Queen. Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord?
And with the rest accompany him to his grave?

1*st*. *Lord*. Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you shall hence.

Queen. He hath forgotten me; stay, I am his mother.

1*st*. *Lord*. That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.

Queen. Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief.

Re-enter 2*nd*. *Lord*.

2*nd*. *Lord*. My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

King. Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie;
And bring my funeral robes. Accursed head,
Could I have rul'd thee then, as I do now,
Thou had'st not hatch'd this monstrous treachery.
Here comes the hearse, help me to mourn, my lords.
Sweet father, here unto thy murdered head,
I offer up this wicked traitor's ghost;
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocence.

FINIS.

Bar. Then now are all things as my wish would have them;
There wanteth nothing but the governor's pelf;
And see he brings it. Now, governor, the sum?

Enter Governor.

Gov. With free consent, a hundred thousand pounds.
Bar. Pounds, sayest thou, governor? well, since it is no more,
I'll satisfy myself with that;—nay, keep it still;
For if I keep not promise, trust not me:
And, governor, now partake my policy;
First, for his army, they are sent before,
Entered the monastery, and underneath,
In several places are field-pieces pitched,
Bombards, whole barrels full of gunpowder,
That on the sudden shall dissever it,
And batter all the stones about their ears,
Whence none can possibly escape alive.
Now, as for Calymath and his consorts,
Here have I made a dainty gallery;
The floor whereof, this cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder, so that it doth sink
Into a deep pit past recovery.
Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,
And with his bashaws shall be blythely set,
A warning-piece shall be shot off from the tower,
To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord,
And fire the house: say, will not this be brave?
Gov. Oh excellent! here, hold thee, Barabas,
I trust thy word, take what I promised thee.
Bar. No, governor, I'll satisfy thee first;
Thou shalt not live in doubt of any thing.
Stand close, for here they come.—Why, is not this
A kingly kind of trade, to purchase towns
By treachery, and sell them by deceit?
Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun,
If greater falsehood ever has been done.

Enter CALYMATH *and Bashaws.*

Caly. Come, my companion-bashaws, see, I pray,
How busy Barabas is there above
To entertain us in his gallery;
Let us salute him:—save thee, Barabas.
Bar. Welcome, great Calymath.
Gov. How the slave jeers at him!
Bar. Will't please thee, mighty Selim Calymath,
To ascend our homely stairs?
Caly. Aye, Barabas.—Come, bashaws, attend.
Gov. Stay, Calymath;
For I will show thee greater courtesy
Than Barabas would have afforded thee.
Knights. Sound a charge there.
(*A charge, the cable cut, a cauldron discovered.*)
Caly. How now! what means this?
Bar. Help, help me, Christians, help!
Gov. See, Calymath, this was devised for thee.
Caly. Treason, treason, bashaws, fly!
Gov. No, Selim, do not fly;
See his end first, and fly then if thou canst.
Bar. Oh help me, Selim, help me, Christians!
Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?
Gov. Should I in pity of thy plaints or thee,
Accursed Barabas, base Jew, relent?
No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,
But wish thou hadst behaved thee otherwise.
Bar. You will not help me then?
Gov. No, villain, no.
Bar. And, villains, know you cannot help me now.
Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments strive
To end thy life with resolution.—
Know, governor, 'twas I that slew thy son;
I framed the challenge that did make them meet.
Know, Calymath, I aimed thy overthrow,
And, had I but escaped this stratagem,

I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damned Christians, dogs, and Turkish infidels.—
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs:
Die, life—fly, soul—tongue, curse thy fill—and die.
(*Dies.*)

Caly. Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?

Gov. This train he laid to have entrapped thy life.
Now, Selim, note the unhallowed deeds of Jews:
Thus he determined to have handled thee,
But I have rather chose to save thy life.

Caly. Was this the banquet he prepared for us?
Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended. *

Gov. Nay, Selim, stay; for, since we have thee here,
We will not let thee part so suddenly.
Besides, if we should let thee go, all's one,
For with thy gallies couldst thou not get hence,
Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.

Caly. Tush, governor, take thou no care for that,
My men are all aboard,
And do attend my coming there, by this.

Gov. Why, heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a charge?

Caly. Yes, what of that?

Gov. Why then the house was fired,
Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.

Caly. Oh monstrous treason!

Gov. A Jew's courtesy;
For he that did by treason work our fall,
By treason hath delivered thee to us:
Know, therefore, till thy father hath made good
The ruins done to Malta and to us,
Thou canst not part; for Malta shall be freed,
Or Selim ne'er return to Ottoman.

Caly. Nay, rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,

* *Pretended*.—Designed.

In person there to meditate your peace;
To keep me here, will nought advantage you.
Gov. Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,
And live in Malta prisoner; for, come all the world
To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,
As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry,
Than conquer Malta, or endanger us.
So march away, and let due praise be given,
Neither to fate nor fortune, but to Heaven.

THE END.

Edition.

The famous Tragedy of The Rich Jew of Malta, as it was played before the King and Queene, in his Majesties Theatre, at Whitehall, by her Majesties Servants at the Cock Pit. Written by Christopher Marlow. London, printed by J. B. for Nicholas Vavasour; and are to be sold at his shop in the Inner Temple, neere the church. 1633. 4to.

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoken at Court.

It is our fear, dread Sovereign, we have been
Too tedious; neither can't be less than sin
To wrong your princely patience: if we have,
(Thus low dejected) we your pardon crave;
And if aught here offend your ear or sight,
We only act, and speak, what others write.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken at the Cock-pit.

In graving, with Pygmalion to contend;
Or painting, with Apelles; doubtless the end
Must be disgrace: our actor did not so,
He only aim'd to go, but not out-go.
Nor think that this day any prize was played;
Here were no bets at all, no wagers laid:
All the ambition that his mind doth swell,
Is but to hear from you, by me, 'twas well.

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